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THE GREAT VOCATION.

Insistence on the practical in education is one of the no new things under the sun.

"When went there by an age, since the great flood," without its wiseacres of the cross-roads and the market unable to see the good in this or that study, without its self-made men to point with pride to their own manufacture as a satisfactory proof that book-learning was futile, without its half-educated prophets to encourage the unenlightened discontent of pupil and parent?

Fortunately for both the intellectual and practical affairs of the world, however, educational matters have never been for any length of time wholly in the control of either the wiseacres or the self-made man or the educational demagogue. At really crucial moments, these personages have usually been inspired with the good sense, if not to leave educational policy to intellectual experts, at least themselves to act under expert guidance. Society on the whole has submitted itself, in intellectual matters, to intellectual leadership.

With the advance of democracy, there has been in this respect a tendency to change. The emphasis upon the people's right to be educated, and upon government's duty and privilege to educate them, has had effects both bad and good. Among the good, especially in the United States, have been the dissemination of educational opportunity and the elevation of the popular level of intelligence. Among the bad has been the tendency toward popular control of educational ideals and educational policy. Government has been of the people, by the people, and for the people; and education, too, the gift and the instrument of government, has tended to be of the people, by the people, and for the people. The dissemination of popular educational opportunity and the elevation of the level of popular intelligence have been accompanied by a restriction of expert opportunity and a lowering of the level of expert intelligence. Great numbers of the people are ambitious to acquire the knowledge so easily accessible, but only because knowledge is a useful instrument in practical affairs. Comparatively few conceive of it as a source of growth into full stature rather than

an instrument. Fewer still are born again, into the Kingdom of the Intellectual, to realize the significance of the higher life of the mind both to the individual and to society. The majority principle is prevailing in educational sentiment as well as at the polls, and the great numbers are having their way.

Among the manifestations of this popular control of ideals and policy, none is more noticeable than the recent and growing demand for vocational training. This, too, is no new thing under the sun. There has always been a demand for vocational training—a just and necessary demand; and the demand has usually met with some manner of response. Expert professional men and craftsmen promote the general welfare, and it is the interest as well as the duty of society to encourage expertness in some substantial way. In major degree, the response is to be seen in the elaborate European systems of technical schools. In minor degree, it is to be seen in the much less extensive and effective provision of America.

There is, nevertheless, something new in regard to vocational training. It is to be observed especially in the United States. This new thing is, not the establishment of vocational courses or schools, but the establishment of them at the expense of the general intellectual ideal. If the European countries are allowing the "vocationalizing" of gymnasium, lycée, or college, it is at most in very slight degree. Europe has met the demand for technical instruction by reaching down into its pocket and equipping real technical schools, separate and efficient, preserving intact the institutions that have so long stood for the higher intellectual life. The United States, realizing the need, but lacking the Old World's courage and enlightenment, is robbing her high schools and colleges to satisfy the popular demand for the vocational, with the result that not only is vocational training provided only in form, but that higher education is preserved only in form. The college of liberal arts in the university is already in great part professionalized, and the high school is fast becoming vocationalized, in spirit if not in actual fact. Liberal education in the college, except as it is accidental to professional preparation, is threatened with extinction; and liberal education in the State institutions in general, both secondary and higher, is in so serious a condition of discouragement that its friends are

already looking for salvation to the rise of institutions unprejudiced by popular control.

To be more concrete: we have heard a great deal of late about the high school as the "people's college," and of its duty to prepare the people's sons and daughters for "life." Those who are of this mind are thinking of "life" in vocational terms, as the earning of a livelihood in some trade, business, or profession. If a girl wishes to be a stenographer or bookkeeper, if a boy intends to follow a clerical or mechanical calling, the public school, according to the vocational enthusiast, should prepare them to make an easy and more or less direct transition from the school room to their chosen occupations. Literature, music, language, algebra, history, and all studies and parts of studies which do not contribute directly and immediately to this purpose, are not "vital," and are to be regarded as mere accomplishments, if not as a pure waste of the pupil's time and the people's money.

This is easy logic, as is all logic based on imperfect understanding. The friends of liberal education, or general culture, or pure learning, or whatever we choose to call the education that is accused of not preparing for "life," are able to see the vocational argument, but their vision does not find there the limit of its range.

In the first place, vocational training worthy of the name in the high school is practically impossible. Actual count would demonstrate that the number of vocational subjects in which courses could be devised is so great that provision for school instruction in even a fraction of them would require an outlay in buildings, apparatus, and teachers far greater than that more or less grudgingly furnished for the present comparatively simple programme.

Further, with the most generous provision, some vocations considered important by many a pupil and parent would still remain unrepresented. Why the privilege of free instruction in carpentering and accounting, and not in barbering and shoemaking, plumbing and manicuring? Logically and practically, complete satisfaction would be impossible.

Until, therefore, the State shall have secured the moral and financial support necessary to the institution of large numbers of technical courses and schools, it will have to limit its instruction to such vocations as come the nearest to being common to all the pupils and to the State itself.

Of the absolutely universal vocation, there is one example, and only one. This is the GREAT VOCATION—the vocation of ENLIGHTENED CITIZENSHIP.

The phrase may not be in common use, and the idea may not be clearly formulated in the citizen mind, but the educational policy of the State has nevertheless always been based on the principle. Nine-tenths of what is taught in both grades and high school is not really necessary to the earning of a livelihood. The great mass of instruction in the college of liberal arts has always been of the same sort. When the State has felt itself able, it has established technical and professional schools for training in such vocations as it regarded most important to itself—the highly specialized instruments of the general welfare: law, medicine, teaching, agriculture, engineering. Yet it has never until recently substituted the narrowly vocational for the broad and fundamental. It has only added it. It has recognized that the non-vocational is the great foundation—that the best lawyers, the best physicians, the best teachers, the best agriculturists, the best engineers, are those whose first vocation is enlightened citizenship. It would have done the same by religion, but for the conviction that other means were better.

The training that leads to enlightened citizenship is not vocational in the narrow sense. What the vocational enthusiast is mainly and frankly thinking of, the preparation of the pupil for the earning of a living, is more or less narrow, selfish, and uncivic. It is in spirit an insistence upon the rights of the individual at the expense of the State. The training for the vocation of enlightened citizenship, on the contrary, is in spirit an insistence on the rights of the State. Under ideal conditions, too, the pleasure of the individual, despite the time cost of liberal education, coincides with the pleasure of the State; though under actual conditions no small number of pupils, anxious for quick and showy returns and a speedy entrance upon "life," regard themselves as victims to a perverse educational requirement if they are compelled to study anything which in their judgment is not "vital."

The immediate design of liberal education is not skill of hand or knowledge of technical detail, but the cultivation of mental power, the broadening of vision, the deepening of perception, the refinement of intellectual and spiritual temper. Its ultimate end is the pro-

duction of the ideal citizen and of the ideal State.

Compared with the vocation of enlightened citizenship, all other vocations are special. They are not separate from it, however. Unless founded upon it, they are comparatively unprofitable, whether to the individual or the community, and may indeed easily become a source of harm. Enlightened citizenship is the broad and firm foundation, the special vocation is the superstructure. Narrow and infirm foundations will not support strong and useful buildings. We have too many typewriters and printers and proof-readers who cannot be trusted with spelling, punctuation, and composition, to say nothing of other matters involving ordinary intellectual expertness. We have too many reporters, editors, magazine contributors, and authors of books, who write ignorant and slipshod English, and think as loosely and unprofitably as they write. The press goes a long way toward undoing the work of the school. We have too many teachers of thin and narrow quality; too many preachers whose intellectual deficiencies are such as to neutralize the effect of earnest and self-sacrificing character; too many lawyers who took the short cut to a professional career, and are uncultivated and slovenly in thought, speech, and intellectual habit; too many physicians whose growth is stunted because their intellectual roots were not set deep enough. In all these and other professions, the fulness of power that marks the master-personality has not been attainable because of deficiency in general cultivation. The immediate object of the individual has been realized, but at the expense of the potential total; the good enough has been the enemy of the best.

The same is true of less professional walks of life. There are too many culture club people and platform lecturers with superficial and catchy accomplishments instead of real depth; too many playwrights, actors, managers, and theatre-goers who are not only untouched by the great dramatic ideals of past and present, but are barbarians, and worse than barbarians, in taste. There are too many of the rich who neither possess nor know the value of intellectual and spiritual wealth, and are unable even to recognize it when it is placed before them. There are too many of the leisured who are unacquainted with the most gratifying and profitable means of pleasure, as well as the most inoffensive and noble. We have too many

voters who know only how to mark a ballot, who cannot estimate the worth of men and measures, who cannot think without the giant head-line and the screaming editorial. We have too many social and political reformers whose chief qualification is a "heart in the right place," who read loosely, think loosely, write loosely, and legislate as if the making of law were an invention of the day before yesterday.

In every one of these cases, and in all other cases where, through ignorance, haste, or false ideas of economy, the vocation of enlightened citizenship has been left out of account, the individual suffers much, but the State suffers more. Whether the citizen does the best of which he is capable, or the second best, is a matter of concern not only to himself, but to the community and the nation. Whether from the individual point of view or the social, enlightened citizenship is the first and the greatest vocation.

The vocation of enlightened citizenship does not look to the holding of a position as the prime object; it looks rather to excellence in the holding of it. The ideal of the great vocation is not immediate success in the earning of a living, but the capacity to earn it with the greatest intelligence and the greatest measure of success. It looks forward to the professional man or the mechanic developed to the full capacity of his powers. Its aim is not the exploitation of talent, but the development of personal excellence and total usefulness. It looks ahead, not four years, but forty years. It looks to a substantial and enduring edifice, not a temporary and make-shift shelter. It does not ask, "How much are you going to earn?" or even "How much are you going to know?" but "Are you going to make of yourself all that is possible?" and "Are you going to be a leader?" Its ambition is not the production of the average, but of leadership.

Progress is only secondarily a matter of the crowd. The religious or civic ideals of an age or a community are not determined by the common man. It is the exceptional man, the reformer, the enthusiast, the personality in which the age or the community, so to speak, flowers out, that determines the ideal. The supreme concern of the army is its general, of the church its prophet, of the world of knowledge the scholar, of mechanics the inventor. Progress is a matter of dynamics. Without leadership—without men who think enough

more, feel enough more, see enough farther than the ordinary to give them authority—there are no dynamics, and there will be no progress.

Vocational training in the ordinary sense is, within limits, desirable and necessary; but its place is in the technical school, not in the school of liberal arts. The high school is the people's college, but not the people's business college. If it is a business college at all, it is the business college of the State at large, not that of the comparatively few sons and daughters of the people whose first ambition is a livelihood. The prime business of State education is a universal business, and Big Business is the business of enlightened citizenship. Every displacement of a liberal study by a vocational study is prejudicial to the ideal interests of the commonwealth. Livelihoods can be trusted to take care of themselves, if we must choose; but enlightened citizenship cannot.

GRANT SHOWERMAN.

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE SIMULTANEOUS NUTRITION OF MIND AND BODY is something that is both possible and in no wise undesirable. Solitary feasting for feasting's sake has ever been held in abhorrence except by gluttons; and even the silent and solemn intake of nutriment at the family table, three times a day, is not exactly an inspiring spectacle. Hence the cultivation of table-talk and the less usual but almost equally pleasant practice of having someone read aloud while the rest eat and listen—an agreeable monastic custom, except that in monasteries the reading usually lacks liveliness and variety. Table-reading, as an aid and incentive to table-talk, is surely an excellent thing. Dr. Bostwick, in his admirable book on "The Making of an American's Library," noticed in detail on another page, reprehends the union of eating and reading. He says: "I have seen men reading books at lunch—when they were actually masticating their food. I am sure they both read and ate badly." Not necessarily. If only for hygienic reasons, it is well for the eater not to occupy his mind with the act of eating, an act that needs scarcely more conscious attention than does breathing or walking. Why all this solemn formality of successive courses with their corresponding array of table implements? A novel and an apple in a hammock, or a book of verses underneath the bough, with loaf of bread and jug of wine (or water)—

some such combination approaches the ideal. Shelley used to read voraciously while he munched his daily bread in his study at Oxford, leaving a circle of crumbs around his chair. He was also famous for his simultaneous walking and reading (a practice sanctioned by Dr. Bostwick), and for his walking and eating, often darting into a bakeshop to renew his supply of bread in the course of his walk; and if, as is likely enough, he sometimes combined the three exercises, he thereby got thrice as much out of a given portion of time as most of his fellows. Why should the renewal of the bodily tissues be made the occasion of a periodic solemnity of which one must stand in some awe? Nature knows no such stupid artificialities. Shelley munching his bread while he talks with Hogg or reads to himself, and FitzGerald nibbling his apple while he paces the room and entertains with high discourse his guests at the table, please us more than does the scrupulous observer of the tiresome formalities of the banquet-board. If reading is not to be allowed with eating, why should not talking also be forbidden? Articulation and mastication go not well together, but silent reading is no hindrance to deglutition. And so we cannot side with this condemnation of simultaneous eating and reading, except where such a practice would be impolite.

...

FRENCH LITERARY GENIUS AS FOOD FOR CANON forms the subject of more than one lament from the land of Racine and Molière. M. Paul Chavannes in a letter to "The New Statesman" runs over the names and achievements of a goodly company of romancers and poets who within the last twelvemonth have given their lives for their country. He enumerates, for example, Charles Péguy, Louis Pergaud, Ernest Psichari, Alain-Fournier, Pierre Gilbert, Léon Bonneff, François Laurentie, Robert d'Humières, Art Roë, Emile Despax, du Fresnois, "and many others"—names less familiar to us than to the French reading public, but each standing for good and promising work cut short in the morning of the worker's life. Of the heroic fate of Psichari, for instance, author of the stirring "Appel des Armes," we read: "He died nobly the death he asked for, at Virton, in Belgium, at the beginning of the great retreat. His battery had been ordered to keep the enemy in check whilst the army was falling back. They were expected to hold their ground for a few hours, and they did so for a whole day; and when the last shell had been spent officer and gunners were killed on the guns they had rendered unusable." Another

passage tells us that "the 'Revue Critique des Livres et des Idées,' which has of late years been one of the strongest of the influences which have shaped the intellectual youth, had on the outbreak of war thirty members of its editorial staff called to the colors; of these, according to the 'Humanité,' eleven have been killed and eight wounded, whilst two are missing—in all, twenty-one out of thirty—and this was before the last fights in Artois and the Argonne!" Rather expensive *Kanonenfutter*, in very truth!

...

UNPOPULAR PERIODICALS, those that make necessarily a restricted appeal and are forced to content themselves with the consciousness of good work done in a worthy cause, are more numerous than is commonly suspected. There must be in this country alone several hundreds of struggling periodical publications, including the proceedings and transactions of learned societies and the journals issued in behalf of various worthy causes of a philanthropic or charitable nature, that never really make both ends meet, in a business sense, and can never hope to do so. Even such a widely and favorably known magazine as "The Popular Science Monthly," founded in 1872 by the Appleton publishing house and the Youmans brothers (Edward L. and William J.), was losing ten thousand dollars a year when, in 1900, it was finally abandoned in despair by the Appletons and reorganized on a different basis by other managers. And now, after fifteen years of highly creditable activity under this management, but apparently with no corresponding pecuniary returns, there is to be a new shuffling of the cards. A bid for greater popularity is to be made in the form of an illustrated magazine less adapted to the tastes of readers of education and a love for science than to the demands of a larger and necessarily a less highly educated public. In the words of Dr. Cattell, present editor of the publication that has helped so notably to keep American readers informed with regard to the latest achievements of science: "A group of men desiring a journal to which the name 'The Popular Science Monthly' will exactly apply, this publication has been transferred to them, while, beginning in October, a journal on the present lines of 'The Popular Science Monthly' will be conducted under the more fitting name of 'The Scientific Monthly.' This differentiation of 'The Popular Science Monthly' into two journals is in the natural course of evolution, each journal being able to adapt itself to its environment more advantageously than is

possible for a single journal. Each can perform an important service for the diffusion and advancement of science." Notable is Dr. Cattell's inclination to regard with disfavor any permanent endowment of the class of publications here considered; rather would he look for their support to increased subscriptions from public libraries and from individuals in sympathy with the purposes of these publications.

. . .

SOUTH AFRICA'S FAVORITE AUTHOR, though geographically separated from us by a third of the earth's circumference, is very near us in the things that know naught of space or time. According to a writer in the London "Outlook," Mr. Horace Rose is enjoying a popularity that, measured by the sales of his latest book ("On the Edge of the East") in his native land, must be highly gratifying to him. Though a successful novelist, he has won fame chiefly by his humorously satirical works, such as "A Caper on the Continent" and the book named above. A passage of his describing his visit to the Coliseum (which he chooses to spell "Colosseum") is notable for a manifest resemblance in its style to that of an earlier humorist of the western world. After inspecting the Roman ruin aforementioned the author returns to his hotel in a self-congratulatory frame of mind for living in the Christian era rather than in pagan times. But picking up a newspaper, he chances upon an account of a certain lynching episode in one of our southern states, which moves him in a manner thus described: "When I had finished reading I went back to the Colosseum and apologized to Nero. I felt that I owed it to him. He had never had the benefits of a Christian teaching, of a class at Sunday-school, of an enlightened Press, of a world-wide civilization with its broad views and high traditions. But every man and woman in that twentieth-century crowd had had these blessings, and thus abused them. I would have been less ashamed to be seen walking down Broadway, New York, arm-in-arm with Nero, at the head of a procession of Christian corpses, than shaking hands with any of these people." Mr. Rose's fame seems in a fair way to spread beyond the bounds of his native South Africa.

. . .

A NEW USE FOR THE CARD CATALOGUE, but a use to which it is unfortunate that it should have to be applied, is described by an Associated Press correspondent at Berlin. "The exact registration of the huge horde of over a million prisoners of war in Germany, so that rank, service division, and place of con-

finement of each man can be instantly determined, has been perfected to an astonishing degree by Count Schwerin, a sixty-year-old captain of cavalry. To-day the relatives of any French, Russian, English, Canadian, Italian, Servian, Montenegrin, Belgian, or Japanese prisoner in Germany can ascertain within twenty-four hours where that soldier is and what his condition is." The plan adopted is the one so familiar to library workers, and doubtless the only scheme at once practicable and economical. Eighty assistants are engaged in the maintenance of this immense card catalogue, and the superintendent of the system, Count Schwerin himself, who is referred to not quite accurately as its "inventor," gives twelve hours a day to his task. About eight hundred letters of inquiry come to his "Kartothek," or card-repository, every day, and it is his boast and pride to have them all answered within twenty-four or, at the utmost, forty-eight hours. As the letters are in many languages and of varying degrees of illegibility, this promptitude is highly creditable. A smaller catalogue contains a list of the dead, so far as names and facts are ascertainable, which is not very far. And all this indexing activity, set in operation by a lamentable necessity, might in happier times have served to provide with card catalogues a score or more of public libraries in as many smiling villages of the fatherland.

. . .

READING IN BED has charms that have been painted by many an able hand. Few have more keenly appreciated those charms than the writer of a recent letter to "The Southern Notes," the monthly publication of the Utica Normal and Industrial Institute, at Utica, Mississippi. The letter is addressed to the Principal, Mr. William H. Holtzelaw, by one of his pupils, Miss Ethel Sanders. "It is certainly a great pleasure to write to you," she says. "I am very glad to tell you that I am almost in good health. I must tell you how my aunt and the doctor treated me while I was sick. They did all they could to keep me from my books, but they did not succeed, and I kept them hid in the bed. They had friends to watch me, but I read them under cover. There was a hole in the quilt that gave me some light. So, although they watched me every day and night, I succeeded in reading a few lines in my books anyway, and I fretted for them all the time." Then she describes how she used violence on the children that came into her room and interrupted her reading. Was ever anyone so fired with the *furor legendi in lecto*, the reading-in-bed mania, as this colored girl of Mississippi? Not inferior

to her in determination of a like sort was a certain pupil (now a writer of distinction) at the Perkins Institute for the Blind, nearly thirty years ago. Mr. Clarence Hawkes relates in his autobiography, which is more fully noticed on another page, that in the editorship and publication of the school paper, "The Echo," he found himself obliged to do much of the work at night in bed, where he deftly manipulated a small typewriter under the bedclothes. "Several times," he says, "Captain Wright, the vigilance man, came into my room and walked over to my bed, to discover where that strange clicking came from, but I was always sleeping soundly when he appeared and the typewriter was hidden beneath the bedclothes, so my secret was never discovered." Evidently there are possibilities in the way of literary activity even for the hours spent in bed.

...

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL WHEREFORE OF THE WOMAN LIBRARIAN has apparently but just dawned upon the French mind. A distinguished *savant* of France has set forth in the "Revue Internationale de l'Enseignement" some of the qualifications, already well known to us in America, which the woman librarian possesses in a larger measure than the man. From extracts quoted by "The Library Journal" a few passages may here be of interest. "Let us be frank," says the writer. "It is work which suits a woman much better than a man. In reality, men are not at home in the duties of the librarian. . . This subordinate rôle does not suit the natural pride of men. And one need not be much of a psychologist to divine the inevitable frictions that would culminate in grotesque disputes if the fear of ridicule did not forbid carrying things to the extreme. . . It is probable that with a feminine staff all this friction would disappear, because the psychological reasons already indicated would not exist. Women would not feel humiliated by serving, by playing in the library the part they play in the home. Naturally more flexible, more teachable, more affable than men, they would accomplish with pleasure and smilingly, without tiring, the modest duties which do not belong to the other sex." All indisputably true so far as the daily service of the library—using public and the daily personal contact with that public are concerned. Hence the great preponderance of young women as library assistants over young men. But the burdens of large administrative responsibility are still thought to be better borne by men, and so our great public and university libra-

ries are, as a rule, under male control. Can we imagine any woman as accomplishing what Dr. Billings accomplished in building up and directing the New York Public Library, or as carrying on the work of Librarian Putnam at Washington or Librarian Lane at Harvard?

...

HERR LISSAUER'S LITERARY LAPSE, to style it by no harsher name, in giving to the world his hysterical "Hymn of Hate," has been apologized for by him in fine and manly fashion. It was in reply to some adverse comment on the poem in the "Berliner Tageblatt" that its author explained how the lines were "written as the result of a passionate impulse in the first weeks of the war, when the impression created by England's declaration of war was fresh." Moreover, he assures us, the hymn was not intended for the young, and he has always been opposed to its inclusion in schoolbooks. He continues: "The 'Song of Hate' is a political poem directed not against individual Englishmen, but against England as a political force, and collectively against the English will to destruction which threatens Germany. In the excitement of those days my feelings were deeply stirred by this. Whether these feelings can continue with the cool consideration of practical politics is another question." Excellent, every reader outside of Germany, if not also within that empire, must say. Whether now the august hand that decorated the poet's breast for those choleric verses will proceed to add another decoration for this handsome acknowledgment of a possible excess of acerbity, remains to be seen; but the probabilities are considerably more than a billion to one against any such imperial admission of error.

...

THE AGONIES OF "MOVING DAY" IN A LARGE LIBRARY are seldom limited to twenty-four hours in time. The Harvard library began three months ago to take possession of the new and palatial Widener building, and the battalions of books have been on the march, in rather leisurely fashion, ever since. But a college or university library has the advantage of a long vacation for its change of quarters, when such change is necessary. More in the nature of a forced march is that which the books of a constantly busy public library must make in a similar case. Comparison has been made between the moving of Harvard's 900,000 volumes and stacks of pamphlets and the transfer of the Boston Public Library's collection from Boylston Street to Copley Square twenty years ago—the only library-moving in that part of the country compara-

ble in magnitude with the present operation at Cambridge. But the Boston task was practically completed between Dec. 14, 1894, and Jan. 28, 1895; and there have been other big movings of this nature, notably the recent one at Springfield, Mass., that have made a far better record for celerity. Moving is, at best, a trying if not agonizing experience; but it is a part of the price that libraries and the rest of us have to pay for larger quarters and more stately mansions.

...

THE REAL THINGS OF LIFE are not exactly the same for any two persons. One may kindle with enthusiasm at the mention of Indian arrow-heads, or totem-poles, or cuneiform inscriptions, or postage stamps; another may go into ecstasies over Turkish rugs, or Japanese fans; and a third will perhaps be stirred by martial exploits and tales of heroism. There recently died at Great Barrington a man whose grandfather was keeper of the White Horse Inn made famous by Blackmore in "Lorna Doone," and who himself was so fortunate as to be born in that celebrated hostelry, but who seems to have been fired with no zeal for first editions of the famous novelist's works, nor to have felt any especial love for those works or for the scenes they depicted. Richard H. Maunder (for that was his name) gave his affections to the products, not of the romancer's brain, but of the potter's wheel and the potter's shaping thumb. In other words, it was the old china of Staffordshire that presented itself to him as the one object preëminently worth while, and of that china the dark and the blue varieties were to him supremely desirable, so that he became one of the greatest living authorities in and collectors of that branch of antique pottery. It was an inherited taste, his grandfather, of the White Horse Inn, having been possessed with the same frenzy. The recent famous novels of the "Five Towns" series ought to have been the younger Mr. Maunder's favorite reading; but perhaps there was not enough of Staffordshire pottery even in them to satisfy the enthusiast.

...

WARSAW'S LITERARY TREASURE, now in the conqueror's hands, will not, like the Louvain library, go up in smoke, though it may not remain intact in its present home. Warsaw University has a library of six hundred thousand volumes, and a considerable collection of manuscripts and maps, the Krasinski Library numbers more than one hundred thousand volumes, the public library of the city one hundred and sixty thousand, and the Warsaw

Polytechnic Institute has about thirty-five thousand volumes. Of these collections, that belonging to the university is by far the most valuable. It acquired from some of the monasteries suppressed in 1819 many rare works from the Aldine, Elzevir, Plantin, Stephanus, and other early presses of Europe. The Elzevirs alone, several hundred in number, form a collection that is considered one of the finest of its kind. It will be a century ago next year that the University of Warsaw was founded. The loss of its library, if it is to lose it, or the best part of it, will be a sad centennial event for Warsaw, though for the rest of the world far less sad than a wanton destruction of so much irreplaceable literary treasure.

...

THE FAVORITE READING OF CLERGYMEN is by no means always and invariably theology. It is an old story that when "Jane Eyre" came out, sixty-eight years ago, Dr. Mark Hopkins, President of Williams College and one of the most noted pulpit orators of his day, was repeatedly discovered by members of his family immersed in the enthralling novel when he was supposed to be writing sermons or reading the early Christian Fathers in his study. A half-embarrassed, half-petulant "Pshaw!" and a hasty thrusting of the book aside would follow as soon as he found himself caught in his unclerical occupation; but repeated relapses ensued until the story was finished. It is reported by the General Theological Library of Boston, which circulates no fiction but does provide reading matter of other kinds for the clergy of New England, that theological works are less in demand than biographies and books on sociology and, in general, "inspirational" literature. The stimulus of the story-book has to be sought elsewhere. The good work of this library, which has already been commended in these columns, is limited to no sect or creed. Any minister of the gospel in New England may draw upon its resources to the extent of two books a month, postage both ways being paid by the library; and this generous privilege is now enjoyed by more than eighteen hundred book-borrowers.

...

LITERARY ARTISTS IN THE TRENCHES are placing the outside world in their debt for occasional vivid descriptions of soldier-life that get past the censor and inform those at home how things are going in some undesignated spot on the long battle-line. Many of these writers are amateurs, and their performance has a singular freshness and charm, while others are reporters by profession and

show themselves a little more conscious of their art. "The Institute Journal," of London, official periodical publication of the Institute of Journalists, has lately printed a list of nearly twelve hundred journalist soldiers who either now are serving their country at the front or have been doing so. Among the most distinguished of these war writers are Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, Mr. Stanley Washburn, Mr. Bernhard Paris, Mr. Philip Gibbs, and Mr. G. H. Perris. The raw material for campaign books and articles that is now being accumulated must exceed anything of the sort ever known in the history of this war-scarred planet.

...

INSTRUCTION IN LIBRARY ECONOMY IN HOLLAND appears to be now recognized as a legitimate part of the university's teaching activities. In "The Library Journal" for this month it is announced that both Amsterdam and Utrecht universities "have added to their faculties of literature a chair for library economy and bibliography. Dr. H. E. Greve of the Royal Library at The Hague has begun a series of lectures at the first-named university on the subject of national and international catalog rules. Dr. A. Hulsof has taken up the subject of general and historical bibliography for his lectures at the University of Utrecht." Many there are still living who can recall the derisive smile with which, as a rule, the university or college man under the old dispensation would refer to "library science" and those who professed to teach its mysteries.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A FRENCH TRANSLATION OF "THE EGOIST." (To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

While in Paris last summer I picked up a French translation of Meredith's masterpiece. The book interested me because it was the first work of one of my favorite English authors that I had seen in French. Also, to tell the truth, I disbursed more cheerfully the few francs necessary for its purchase (money was scarce in Paris just then) as I hoped that the proverbial clarity of French might help me over some knotty passages in the original. "What is not clear is not French," as we all know. Well then, "L'Egoïste, traduit de l'Anglais par Maurice Strauss, Paris: Charles Carrington, 1904," is not French. Perhaps Meredith cannot be made French. It is, however, noteworthy that neither the name of the translator nor of the publisher is quite Gallic. We have, then, a difficult English author translated by a semi-Teuton and published by an Anglo-Saxon. We may admire their courage, if not the result.

I may state at once that in reading the translation I was constantly obliged to consult the original

to get, at least approximately, the meaning. The *Prélude* is only a rough paraphrase of Meredith; parts of it, as indeed of the whole novel, are omitted,—one might wish that more were; parts are more easily intelligible in the French; but all the sparkle has vanished. Assuming that the English is familiar to your readers, I will cite merely the opening paragraph of the translation:

"Quand on joue la comédie, c'est dans un salon. Tout se passe entre civilisés; à l'abri des poussières du dehors, des variations de l'atmosphère; en toute correction. Pour faire apparaître le relief de l'évidence, notre logique n'a point de ces loupes nécessaires au travail de l'horloger. Le sens comique conçoit une situation déterminée pour quantité de types, et rejette tous les accessoires qui pourraient faire longueur. La vision et l'enthousiasme, c'est tout ce qu'il faut. Regardez et ne vous occupez que de voir. Le reste viendra tout seul."

In all this I am painfully reminded of a previous impression upon opening a French version of "Macbeth," in which the witches' greeting appeared as "Bon jour, Macbeth!"

But the loss of sparkle is not all. That was to be expected, for it would probably require a life-time adequately to render Meredith into any foreign language. But there are curious neologisms, representing sporadic efforts at word-for-word translation. Thus in the first three pages, "digestibly" appears as *digestivement*; "luminous rings eruptive of the infinitesimal" becomes *anneaux lumineux éruptifs de l'infinitésimal*. Neither *digestivement* nor *éruptif* is cited by standard dictionaries; and besides, the second phrase misses the point.

Perhaps worse, from an English point of view, are the gross mistranslations, which can only come from a failure to consult the dictionary. Thus, still in the first three pages, we find "branfulness" = *sonorité*; "malady of sameness" = *maladie de l'égoïsme*; "headlong trains" = *des longs trains*. Other translations give the idea, perhaps, but the reason for not following the original faithfully is not apparent. For instance: "the land of fog-horns" from which we seek some escape, is rendered, *pays brumeux des coquecigrues*. Of "our o'er hoary ancestry—them in the oriental posture, to which our visit to science introduced us," it is written: "La science nous présenta à nos primitifs ancêtres ehenus—ils nous requrent en posture orientale," when of course the meaning is: "ceux qui affectionnent la posture orientale."

It would be as unprofitable as tiresome to push too far such an examination. But lest I be accused of taking examples only from the most difficult chapter of the book, I may cite at haphazard some curious misrenderings. Every page which I have compared with the original is bristling with blunders. On the first page of Chapter I, Meredith says of Simon Patterne that he was marvellously endowed with the power of saying no. "He said it with the resonant emphasis of death to younger sons." This significant phrase is translated: "Et l'emphase de sa volonté glaçait de terreur jusqu'à ses fils." In the next paragraph, speaking of Lieutenant Crossjay's act of valor which brought him to the notice of Patterne Hall, Meredith says:

"The officer's youth was assumed on the strength of his rank, perhaps likewise from the tale of his modesty." This subtle touch is thus smothered: "L'âge tendre du héros fut mis en relief par sa bravoure, et sa modestie brocha sur le tout."

At times the translator seems to have copied the first meaning found in his dictionary, leaving the sense to look out for itself. Sir Willoughby is relating to Clara the early career of Vernon Whitford (page 83 of Scribner's "Pocket Edition"). "Leaves the Hall!" exclaimed Willoughby. "I have not heard a word of it. He made a bad start at the beginning . . . had to throw over his Fellowship." On page 133 of the translation, we find: "Quitter le château! s'exclama Willoughby. C'est le premier mot que j'en entends. Il fit un faux départ au début . . . il eut à jeter par dessus sa camaraderie."

One more example I cannot resist. Sir Willoughby, trying to persuade Vernon to remain at Patterne, says: "Take a run abroad, if you are restless." This becomes: "Si vous êtes fatigué du repos, tirez une bordée." Possibly "a run abroad" signifies *tirer une bordée* to a certain class of wealthy young hot-bloods; but from Sir Willoughby Patterne of Patterne Hall to the dignified scholar, Vernon Whitford, this bit of sailor's slang is grotesque in the extreme.

The effort to bring Meredith within the reach of French readers is certainly a creditable one; but it is a task to which angels, or those who speak with the tongue of angels, alone may aspire. Such a version as that perpetrated by the present translator should not be allowed to pass unchallenged.

BENJ. M. WOODBRIDGE.

University of Texas, Sept. 24, 1915.

THE GERMAN WAR BOOK. (To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Owing to the hypnotic influence exerted upon Americans by the prospect of earning English gold, I have tried to reconcile myself to all the American misrepresentation and vilification of Germany and Germany's cause. But the review of Professor Morgan's translation of "The War Book of the German General Staff," in your issue of Sept. 2, is so vilely and so outrageously unfair,—so thoroughly British in its viewpoint,—that my gorge rises at it and I must protest.

The writer of that review seeks to bring the German method of warfare into contempt by pointing out that, according to the Germans, military necessity takes precedence over international law, and he quotes the following as an example of this logic of militarism:

"No inhabitant of the occupied territory is to be disturbed in the use and free disposition of his property; on the other hand the necessity of war justifies the most far-reaching disturbance, restriction, and imperiling of his property."

For the benefit of your reviewer and of your readers, permit me to quote Article 3 of the American Naval War Code:

"Military necessity permits measures that are indispensable for securing the end of the war, and that are in accordance with modern law and usage of war.

. . . Non-combatants are to be spared in person and property during hostilities as much as the necessities of war and the conduct of such non-combatants will permit."

And may I recall to the memory of Americans the conduct of our own troops in the Civil War and of England's troops in the Revolution, in South Africa, and in India?

Your reviewer also speaks of "the German doctrine 'Not kennt kein Gebot'" (which, of course, he does not translate). But, pray, since when is the doctrine that necessity knows no law a German doctrine? Is it not rather a universal law founded in the instinct of self-preservation?

Is it not time that all this lying about Germany stopped? Are Americans really so stupid, so bigoted, so narrow-minded, that they can not bear the truth? Or is all this vilification merely petty and piecayune revenge for the Britons' incompetence in the present crisis in their history?

Your reviewer states it as the final lesson of the War Book that Germany's conduct is guided by the principle, "anything to win." Let anyone read our own War Book or that of any other nation before whom England is now crooking the pregnant hinges of the knee, and he will find that all warring mankind makes this its guiding principle. We Americans, worshipping the ideal "success, success at any cost" (short of being found out), whether it be in business or in politics, should be the last ones to throw stones at Germany for that.

Finally permit me to express my astonishment that THE DIAL, a literary journal for people above the average intelligence, should have given room for a "review" so calculated to stir up prejudice and hatred in the hearts of its readers.

SAML. A. TANNENBAUM.

New York City, Sept. 16, 1915.

ELEMENTS OF THE SHORT STORY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I wonder if a layman may voice his disagreement with the very interesting opinion of an expert concerning short stories and their place in literature (see Mr. Charles Leonard Moore's article in your issue of September 2)? Is not the importance of quantity largely over-emphasized in Mr. Moore's appraisal? The qualitative character of the story may depend more upon the writer than the limitations in length. Whoever has read the short stories of Tourgueniev, Chekhov, and Gorki (all available in English translations) will scarcely agree with the statements that "character, its development and its oppositions, the form hardly has room for" and "great action, passion, thought can hardly be developed." Chekhov's short stories, except for his earliest period, are all character and very little action. The same is true of Gorki; while in Tourgueniev's tales there is no dearth of passion. The American short story, especially the popular type, is largely anecdote; but that seems to be a fault rather of our national psychology than of the inevitable limitations of the literary form.

I. M. RUBINOW.

New York City, Sept. 21, 1915.

The New Books.

A CENTURY'S RECORDS OF TWO FAMOUS FAMILIES.*

It was a happy thought to put together for publication the Wedgwood-Darwin-Allen letters of a century. Centring around the personality of Emma Wedgwood, wife of Charles Darwin, the story reveals not only that noble character, but also the intimate life of all those nearest to her. We see the non-scientific side of Charles Darwin, his happiness and troubles, his hopes and fears, and how completely these were shared by her of whom he characteristically said: "I marvel at my good fortune, that she, so infinitely my superior in every single moral quality, consented to be my wife." More than this, we make the acquaintance of a group of persons belonging to three closely connected families, almost all of them with a certain flavor of genius, a distinction of character which commands our admiration and respect, as it did that of their contemporaries. Those who achieved eminence seem less exceptional when seen on the background of their family life, which was itself maintained at so high a level.

In 1792 Josiah Wedgwood of Maer Hall married Elizabeth Allen of Cresselly; and Emma, born in 1808, was their ninth and last child. The letters of this early period introduce us to the older generation, the parents, aunts, and uncles of Emma, who not only made the environment of her early life, but some of them lived to see its fruition in relatively modern times. Nearly all through the book, always very much alive and with a great deal to say for herself, appears the figure of Fanny Allen, who died in 1875 at the age of 94. No less interesting is Jessie Allen, who married the historian J. C. de Sismondi, and died in 1853. Another aunt, Catherine, or Kitty, was the wife of Sir James Mackintosh, who was prominent in the politics and society of the early part of the century. The Allens and Wedgwoods were in the midst of whatever was going on, and there are many anecdotes of famous men and women. Madame de Staël appears a number of times, and it is interesting to-day to read that at a party in 1813 she "harangued for half-an-hour against peace," but "this was so entirely against the sentiments of every one present that Lord Holland . . . gravely declared his opinions were entirely contrary to hers on that subject."

* EMMA DARWIN. *A Century of Family Letters, 1792-1896*. Edited by her daughter Henrietta Litchfield. In two volumes. Illustrated in photogravure, etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The diary of Emma Caldwell, written in 1819, gives a vivid account of the manner in which the Wedgwoods of Maer brought up their children:

"The part of the intellectual character most improved by the Wedgwood education is good sense, which is indeed their preëminent quality. It is one of the most important, and in the end will promote more of their own and others happiness than any other quality. The moral quality most promoted by their education is benevolence, which combined with good sense, gives all that education can give. The two little girls [one of those referred to being Emma] are happy, gay, amiable, sensible, and though not particularly energetic in learning, yet will acquire all that is necessary by their steady perseverance. They have freedom in their actions in this house as well as in their principles. Doors and windows stand open, you are nowhere in confinement; you may do as you like; you are surrounded by books that all look most tempting to read; you will always find some pleasant topic of conversation, or may start one, as all things are talked of in the general family. All this sounds and is delightful."

A few years later, the question of slavery was to the front, and we find the Maer family ardent abolitionists. In 1824, Fanny Allen gives a remarkable account of an anti-slavery speech by Lord Brougham which she heard in the House of Commons:

"Brougham's speech was delightful. He spoke for an hour and 10 or 20 minutes, and it was the most incomparable thing I ever heard. I could have screamed or jumped with delight. He handled Scarlett and Canning to my soul's content—tossed them about like a cat a couple of mice from one paw to another, teased them and threw them into the air, with equal grace and strength."

In 1831 we find Elizabeth Wedgwood, Emma's oldest sister, writing thus: "The thing I am most anxious to hear is the debate on Tuesday on slavery. Macaulay's speech on the reform bill almost made me cry with admiration, and I expect his speech on so much more interesting a subject to be the finest thing that ever was heard."

Charles Darwin scarcely enters the narrative until his return from his voyage around the world, when we find him the centre of interest, much wondered at and admired. Emma writes to her sister-in-law: "We enjoyed Charles's visit uncommonly. . . Charles talked away most pleasantly all the time; we plied him with questions without any mercy." The second volume opens with the engagement of Charles Darwin and Emma Wedgwood, an event which gave unqualified delight, not only to the principals, but to all the relatives. Nothing could be more charming than the letters of this period; we will only quote

Emma's opinion of Charles, as expressed in a letter to her Aunt Jessie Sismondi:

"I must now tell you what I think of him, first premising that Eliz. thinks pretty nearly the same, as my opinion may not go for much with you. He is the most open, transparent man I ever saw, and every word expresses his real thoughts. He is particularly affectionate and very nice to his father and sisters, and perfectly sweet tempered, and possesses some minor qualities that add particularly to one's happiness, such as not being fastidious, and being humane to animals."

A friend writes to Emma: "You two will be quite too happy together, and I hope you will have a chimney that smokes, or something of that sort to prevent your being quite intoxicated." They were married on January 29, 1839; the rest of the story has to do with their life together, and the lives of their children.

We have long known the main facts of Darwin's life, how he struggled against ever-recurring illness, and in spite of all managed to do a prodigious amount of work. We have understood that his wife was an essential factor in all this; but now for the first time we are enabled to appreciate the beauty and strength of her character, and to see that she was very much more than a mere background for her illustrious husband. He also appears in a somewhat new light: and if anyone still has the illusion that the patron saint of naturalists lacked normal human qualities, this should be dispelled. Nothing could be more erroneous than the idea that Darwin's emotions and sympathies were dried up by his scientific pursuits. After Charles Darwin's death, his son Francis undertook to write his Life. Mrs. Darwin felt a shrinking dread of the publicity, but when she saw the book she was completely satisfied.

"I have been reading Frank's notes. . . I am quite delighted with them. The picture is so minute and exact that it is like a written photograph, and so full of tender observation on Frank's part. The whole picture makes me feel astonished at myself that I can make out a cheerful life after losing him. He filled so much space with his interest, sympathy and graciousness, besides his love underlying and pervading all. I think Frank has done so wisely in writing down every thing. I wrote a little note to him, as I knew I should break down in telling him what I felt."

At the end of the book, as a postscript, is a brief account of the life of Erasmus Darwin, grandson of Charles and Emma Darwin, who was killed in action in the vicinity of Ypres, April 17, 1915. "There never was, that I ever met, a man so strong and yet so gentle," writes a dear friend, who was killed in action only a fortnight later.

We rise from the book with a strong feeling that the story is not yet all told; that the Wedgwood-Darwin blood has yet much to do in the world, and it may well be that the record of the twentieth century will be read by posterity with as much interest and pleasure as we have found in following the history of the century past. T. D. A. COCKERELL.

THE NEW RUSSIA.*

An interesting development of the past quarter-century has been the change of attitude on the part of western Europe toward Russia and things Russian. A generation ago Russia, save within very restricted circles, was regarded as a vast, undeveloped, conglomerate empire, whose government was hopelessly autocratic and corrupt, and whose people were ignorant, intolerant, unproductive, barbarous, non-European, and largely incapable of progress. To-day the Empire is considered one of the great and promising states of Europe, its government virile and in some degree enlightened, its people industrious, ambitious, serious, and possessed of large actual and latent culture.

The change of view has come in part because the realities of Russian life and character have been made known as never before by travellers and writers, and by the translation and diffusion of Russian literature. It is attributable in no small measure, also, to the fact that Russian government and economic and social organization have undergone a considerable transformation under the eyes of the present-day world. Heroic, if not always successful, attempts at reform have caught the attention, and have commanded the sympathy, of western peoples.

Just now the currents of opinion regarding Russia are flowing strong and they are unusually interesting, even though not very convincing. Amid the stress of the war, sentiment upon this as upon every other political and social matter tends to be deepened and warped to accord with the exigencies of the

* AN INTERPRETATION OF THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE. By Leo Wiener. New York: McBride, Nast & Co.

THE RUSSIAN PROBLEM. By Paul Vinogradoff. New York: George H. Doran Co.

RUSSIA'S GIFT TO THE WORLD. By J. W. Mackail. New York: George H. Doran Co.

RUSSIA AND THE WORLD. A Study of the War and a Statement of the World-Problems that Now Confront Russia and Great Britain. By Stephen Graham. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co.

FRIENDLY RUSSIA. By Denis Garstin. New York: McBride, Nast & Co.

RUSSIAN REALITIES. Being Impressions Gathered during some Recent Journeys in Russia. By John Hubback. Illustrated. New York: John Lane Co.

ABUSED RUSSIA. By C. C. Young. Illustrated. New York: The Devin-Aclair Co.

situation. From German sources we are hearing again that the Russian is an unregenerate barbarian, whose influence, were it to be further extended, would be the bane of European civilization. From English and French sources we are being assured that the Russian is an altogether good sort of fellow, that he is on the high-road of political and social betterment, and that from his larger participation in European and world affairs civilization has nothing to fear. Unsuspected frailties are matched by unsuspected virtues, until the impression is inevitably forced that there has been a deal of exaggeration on both sides.

From the mass of books relating to Russia which have poured from the presses since the war began, one easily selects as most worth while "An Interpretation of the Russian People," written by Professor Leo Wiener of Harvard University. Professor Wiener is Russian born and reared, and the subject of his prolonged researches and teaching has been the Slavic languages and literatures, especially the Russian. His attachment to his native country is close, yet at times he has been its unsparing critic. No man in America, perhaps no man anywhere, is better fitted to interpret Russia, more particularly Russian culture, to the western world.

The volume in hand undertakes such an interpretation. The object is stated to be "the ascertainment of those spiritual principles which alone can help the reader to comprehend and properly weigh the curious and frequently unique phenomena in the social and artistic life of Russia." There is no attempt at a formal or continuous history of Russian thought, literature, or art; so that to be read most effectively by one not reasonably acquainted with that history, the book should be preceded by such treatises as Mr. Maurice Baring's "The Russian People" and his recent "Outline of Russian Literature" in the "Home University Library." After two introductory chapters in which are depicted clearly some of the fundamentals of the Russian character and of the historical development of Russian life, Professor Wiener writes principally of the national ideals as expressed in Russian literature, of "art for art's sake" in Russia, of Russian music as an expression of the popular mind, of the Russian religion, of the "intellectuals" and the masses, of the peasants, and of the position and influence of Russian women.

Perhaps the most original and illuminating of Professor Wiener's observations is that relating to the Russian's propensity to show to the world the worst that is in him, combined with his habit of self-abnegation. There is

little or no effort in Russia, we are told, to keep the seamy side of life, whether individual or social, from view. In matters of morals the Russian is not notably worse than other men; he is merely less cautious, less hypocritical. "The criminal instincts are more obvious, not more serious, in Russia than elsewhere." Furthermore, the Russian delights in self-castigation. The brilliant Irish writer, Mr. E. J. Dillon, whose "Russian Characteristics" (published in 1892) contains one of the most scathing denunciations of all things Russian ever written, lives in Petrograd, a highly honored man, and his book is actually popular. The Russians take a curious sort of satisfaction in recitals of their shortcomings. They make their foibles and sins "visible," while other peoples seek to conceal their weaknesses under a cloak of sanctimonious proprieties. The point may be over-emphasized, but it carries enough weight to justify the author in warning his readers against books upon Russia written by hasty observers who, misled by the unreserved frankness of the Slav, assume that where there is so much open corruption there must be at least as much as in other countries that is hidden from view.

Another interpretation of Russia by a Russian dwelling in a foreign land is Vinogradoff's "The Russian Problem." This little book contains only a popular lecture entitled "Russia after the War," and a reprinted letter to the London "Times" on the psychology of the Russian nation. The standing of the author, however, gives it importance. After serving as professor of history in the University of Moscow, and after suffering banishment for his liberal views, Vinogradoff was appointed some years ago to a professorship of jurisprudence in the University of Oxford, and he has taken first rank as a scholar in the field of mediæval English agrarian history. The volume in hand is too brief to go far in the way of interpretation. It is rather a defence, its contents being prompted largely by recent German slurs upon Russian civilization, and it is intended to reassure the English that they are not fighting hand in glove with sheer barbarians. The author concurs with Dr. Wiener in a dislike for autocracy, in regret for the slipping back of Russia in constitutional matters since 1906, and in the belief that the salvation of the country lies in the extension of public education and in the solution of the land question. He believes, however, that Russia has need of strong monarchy, just as France had need of strong monarchy in the thirteenth century and England in the fifteenth; and he contends that it would be a fatal mistake to indulge in anti-monarchical,

anti-dynastic agitation. It is his hope that the Imperial Government "shall be able to perceive that the uncontested leadership of the nation through this war imposes the moral obligation of generous and far-sighted action." He is more sanguine, if not concerning the final outcome, at least concerning the more immediate effects of the war upon Russian government and social conditions, than is Professor Wiener.

A volume of similar purport by an Englishman is Mr. J. W. Mackail's "Russia's Gift to the World." The author starts with the premise that the cultural achievements of Russia are largely unknown to the English, as to other western peoples. These achievements, he maintains, are many and varied, even though Russia is the last of the great states of Europe to undergo a modernizing regeneration. The subjects considered, in all cases very briefly, are literature, music, art, the drama, natural science, and the social sciences. The brochure has value as a popular handbook. More than that it does not pretend to be. It is commendable for its moderation of statement and for its general accuracy.

The principal value of Mr. Stephen Graham's earlier writings on Russia arises from the splendid portrayal of the Russian peasant character contained in them. Mr. Graham, who is himself something of a mystic, has been strongly attracted by the simple, honest, uncommercial, mystical peasant temperament, and by Russia as the "sanctuary from Westernism." He has travelled extensively among the peasants, lived with them, journeyed with them as a pilgrim to Jerusalem, and written about them charmingly in "Undiscovered Russia" and other books. In his most recent volume, "Russia and the World," which consists chiefly of articles published originally in English and American magazines, he records some of the impressions gathered on a long and arduous tramp across Russian Central Asia to the frontier of China, mainly through the great region of southern Siberia where Russian emigration and colonization can best be studied at close range. But in the main he writes of Russia in relation to the present war and as a factor in world politics. Upon this subject he is interesting, yet he has no great contribution to make. Russia, he says, is fighting fundamentally to preserve her national life and religion, "that she may go on being herself." To Mr. Graham's mind, the worst thing that can happen to the Empire is to be Westernized and made like other countries. The nation's present cause is just and sacred, for, as he views the matter, it involves the right of a great, albeit primitive,

civilization to exist and grow. Of the future of Russia as the dominant land-empire of the Eastern world the author entertains never a doubt.

Mr. Denis Garstin's "Friendly Russia," made up of journalistic matter supplied by the author to various London periodicals, is yet another volume written with the manifest purpose of commending Russia to her English allies. In his opening chapter the author confesses that the word "Russia" has always sent a little tremor of excitement down his back, "pregnant with wolves, passion, and savagery," and he admits that although he should live in the country for the rest of his life it always would continue to do so. The burden of his book, however, is the distinction between the two Russias—the ogre-land of wolves, knouts, serfdom, and cruelty, and the Russia actually to be seen by the twentieth century traveller and observer. And we have the word of Mr. H. G. Wells, in an Introduction from his pen which the volume carries, that the distinction is "very neatly" drawn. Twenty sketchy chapters of impressions, anecdotes, and reminiscences are devoted to Russia in peace; five more to Russia in war. The book's only merit lies in its somewhat intimate, even if wholly unsystematic, view of everyday Russian life.

An unpretentious body of reminiscences of Russian travel is contained in Mr. John Hubback's "Russian Realities." Here again one finds only lightly recorded impressions, yet the average reader coming to the subject without previous knowledge could very likely learn more about Russia from this book than from any other one mentioned in the subjoined list. The physical aspect of the country is well described. But of history, psychology, and economics there is little, and that of no distinguished quality.

"Abused Russia," by Dr. C. C. Young, is a volume written specifically to demonstrate that in times past grave injustice has been done Russia by those western peoples who have presumed to judge her policies and measures. The author makes no attempt to gloss over those aspects of Russian politics and morals which give ground for honest criticism. But he urges that the existence of certain grave defects be not permitted to give color to the whole of western opinion concerning the country. The passport system and the treatment of the Jews he condemns. But he contends that a candid study of the history of these matters will reveal extenuating circumstances. If not at all points convincing, the argument is of some weight. The book is copiously supplied with excellent illustrations.

On the whole, one comes off from an inspection of a group of volumes like the foregoing with two queries—first, where the publishers can hope to find profitable markets for wares of this description, and, second, what will be the effect of the outpouring of this ephemeral "war" literature upon the public's taste for the older and solidier books upon European politics and world affairs.

FREDERIC AUSTIN OGG.

A VIENNESE PLAYWRIGHT IN ENGLISH.*

The deep-seated American—or is it an Anglo-Saxon?—habit of judging all art, and especially literary art, by its conformity to conventional morality is almost certain to prevent for a long time the complete recognition here of one of the subtlest of modern European dramatists and poets, Arthur Schnitzler. Over all his work, or at least over all of it that has been translated into English, there hangs what our popular critics are sure to interpret as the poisonous miasma from a very morbid kind of life,—it is so difficult for most of us to see in an artist's preoccupation with erotic psychology, and with other forms of neurosis, anything but an unhealthy dwelling upon unpleasant subjects. In fact, this general impatience with attempts to express fine shades of temperament, this blindness in respect to artistic experiment and exploration in hazy borderlands of experience, may easily cause Schnitzler's books to be anathematized, unless they are cast aside as merely dull and unnatural, by those who fail to penetrate their allusive delicacy and their witty indirectness.

And yet Schnitzler is becoming fairly well known this side the water. "Anatol," his early series of dialogues,—airiest of comedies,—had long runs in New York and Chicago, and introduced to large audiences its author's most typical character. Anatol, the young aesthete of wealth and family, drifting from one exquisite moment to another, delighting in the analysis of fleeting sensations,

demanding no purpose, no responsibility, no continuity, and no finality in love and life, is a figure that reappears again and again in Schnitzler's work. Under the name of Fritz, in "Playing at Love," he loses his superficial resemblance to an Oscar Wilde hero, and becomes at once more recognizable and more hateful, for this tragedy shows with the utmost poignancy the horror that may result from light loving when on one side there is serious passion and on the other merely a wish for diversion. Prince Egon, another version of the same type, who saunters not very gracefully through the play entitled "Countess Mizzie," has better luck than his fellows; but this is entirely because he is thrown into relations with a woman of strong nature, and not because he is self-controlled.

The background of all these plays, as of most of Schnitzler's novels and dramas, is the complex and highly sophisticated Viennese society in which he has lived. It is a world less fixed than ours,—a world of loose ends, of shifting, dizzily shifting, values, where people are to each other like chameleons colored by passing situations, and where ideas have no reality and no meaning except as they rise mist-like from sensations delicious or painful but always teasing. Our own familiars,—business, politics, social reform,—appear only as flickering shadows on a wall, cast up from a window giving on a crowded street or court without. Of these shadows the most recurrent seems to bear a vague relation to political events; and in these times of Austrian struggle, it looms up in large and sinister outline. National disunion, class hatred and distrust are evident enough; a corrupt and hypocritical bureaucracy, self-interested reformers and a stupid public, may help to explain the present crookedness of events. Not that any of them are stressed at all; indeed, only in "Professor Bernardi" does a political intrigue really condition a plot, and even here it is held well in subordination to the play's chief interest,—the character of the doctor-professor.

In the five brief acts of "Professor Bernardi," Schnitzler comes as close as so detached an observer could ever come to working out a distinct thesis,—possibly because some of his own or his father's experiences as a physician have entered directly into the situation dramatized. The protagonist, a Jewish surgeon of distinction, is driven from his position at the head of a large charity hospital, hounded out of professional life, and finally sent to prison because he refuses to allow a Christian priest to make miserable with questions and threats a dying "sinner's" last

*PLAYING WITH LOVE (Liebeleien). By Arthur Schnitzler. Translated from the German by P. Morton Shand. With "The Prologue to Anatol" by Hugo von Hofmannsthal, rendered into English verse by Trevor Blakemore. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

THE GREEN COCKATOO, and Other Plays. By Arthur Schnitzler. Translated from the German by Horace B. Samuel. With portrait. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

PROFESSOR BERNARDI. By Arthur Schnitzler. Adapted from the German by Mrs. Pohl. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.

THE LONELY WAY, Intermezzo, Countess Mizzie: Three Plays. By Arthur Schnitzler. Translated from the German, with introduction, by Edwin Björkman. "Modern Drama Series." New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

VIENNESE IDYLLS. By Arthur Schnitzler. Translated from the German by Frederick Elsemann. With portrait. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.

hours. Dr. Bernardi accepts all the tragic consequences of his act as inevitable in such a society, and insists that they are absolutely without effect upon his real self. So independent and so profoundly clear-sighted is he, so sure of the rightness of his judgments and the value of his work, and equally of the impossibility of its being understood, that he passes untouched through what to a weaker man would have been the depths of humiliation. He says at the end of the play, in explanation of his attitude and in answer to the plea of his friends that he demand a revision of his case:

"All my plans have vanished. . . . When I started to write that [a book presenting his views] my wrath melted. From the accusations against Flint and his consorts, I drifted into Austrian politics; then into philosophy and ethical responsibility, revelation and freedom of the will."

"That is always the case," says Winkler, "if you go to the root of the thing. It is better to put on the brakes sooner, for some fine day you begin to understand—to pardon everything—and then where is the charm of life, if you cannot love or hate any more?"

"Oh, one goes on loving and hating. . . . I did not want to solve a problem. I only did what I considered right in a special case."

This conclusion, which to the practical person might seem the ultimate destruction of all values, is actually the most positive kind of assertion of the modern individualist's creed. The self-sufficiency which results from wide comprehension, the independence born of a realization both of the individual's creative power and of the limits to that power,—these are the central themes focussing Schnitzler's as well as many another modern's work.

It is lack of strength, and so of self-sufficiency, that brings about Christine's tragedy in "Playing with Love" ("Liebelei"), and Robert's tragedy in "The Mate"; both go on living lies more or less consciously for want of independence and the force to make their lives sincere. "Be something, have so much in yourself that when you are deprived of position, of love, of every tie, yet there will always remain sufficient within yourself,"—Hermann Bahr's comment on "Liebelei" might be extended in its application to several of Schnitzler's pieces. The positive and triumphant aspect of the creed is illustrated in "Dr. Bernardi," its tragedy in "The Lonely Way," most powerful of the later plays.

Ibsen never painted a tenser succession of scenes than the sequence of quiet conversations which in "The Lonely Way" reveal through skilful characterization the story of a long-dead passion and its fruits, and which

lead finally to a double suicide and to the still more terrible destruction of cherished hopes and illusions. Anatol, aged and dissatisfied, reappears here as Julian, a bitterly satiric portrait of the artistic dilettante who was drawn so much more tolerantly in the earlier dialogues. His actual unhappy loneliness is, however, no greater than that of any other person in the group; mutual incomprehension and consequent isolation are the rule of life, and the working-out to this realization by all the characters makes the tragedy of their situation. Again strength is lacking, not simply strength to stand upright with stiff muscles under the blows of fate,—that is too grim and humorless an attitude to suit any artist with so much of non-Teutonic blood in his veins as this Viennese,—but sufficient creative force to analyze and to enrich with interpretation every moment of life, no matter how painful. Want of this superabundant vitality makes defeat a certainty to some unfortunates, as its mere possession enables others to triumph.

Some minor studies of differing temperaments are exquisitely set in lower keys in the "Viennese Idylls,"—a very inappropriately titled collection of six unusually moving and various short stories. The influence of Freud and his school of psycho-analysts is apparent in more than one passage of subtly presented mood, with its complex of emotion and of comparatively unmarked external action. In each of these stories, as in the plays, the drama is primarily internal; the tension is of the terrifying kind that holds during a nightmare; the characters are, many of them, endowed with the almost magical intuition which gives certain quiet and unimpressive persons the power to draw from commonplace events a very real aesthetic satisfaction, through their power to lose themselves in the effort of analysis and appreciation. For this satisfaction there can be no rule and no precise preparation, though incidentally there must be no prejudices,—there can only be power of the sort Schnitzler himself seems to possess to an unusual degree. Extraordinary receptiveness and sensitiveness, sympathies of the widest range, unusual intellect and cultivation, and a will determined to follow the intricate windings of the human spirit into shadowy corners of hitherto stubborn reticences, with a patience (not always emulated by his translators) in expressing his themes through a transparently suitable style, a style vigorously direct and natural, picturesque, suggestive or allusive as the case demands,—these are the marked characteristics of Schnitzler's work. Its whole effect is of a

richness, a disinterested sincerity, and a subtlety which many of our thinner and cruder and more clamorous young writers could do no better than to study.

WINIFRED SMITH.

THE BUILDING OF WASHINGTON.*

A history of the city of Washington transcends the ordinary local history in scope, and acquires a national interest. The subject is one to which the Columbia Historical Society has for many years devoted its attention; the "History of the National Capital" by Mr. W. B. Bryan, one of its prominent members, may be looked on as a resultant or conclusion of its researches to the time of writing. This must not be said without a corresponding emphasis on the personal factor, for Mr. Bryan's work is not a second-hand summary of the monographs of others, but the product of extended individual researches in the archives of the government and in contemporary documents generally. The first volume to appear covers the decisive period from the beginnings of the city to the British destructions of 1814. The planning of the city itself, the design and building of the Capitol and the President's house, the share in these matters of Washington and Jefferson, and of the architects and engineers, are subjects which have more than a local importance.

The struggle over the location of the seat of government, antecedent to the Residence Act of 1790, is one which has been often described; so that it is properly treated, in the work in hand, by a relatively brief but intelligible résumé. The subsequent proceedings under the act are much less known; and they form the object of a large and original section of the book. The part of President Washington in the establishment of the city, always predominant in the popular mind, has already been brought out in detail by Mr. Bryan's earlier publication of Washington's letters bearing on the matter. Washington's was the wise judgment and conciliatory spirit which secured the coöperation of the land owners, allayed sectional jealousy, and insisted on a stable policy in the execution of plans. Mr. Bryan now has opportunity to do justice to other actors in the enterprise, and he does not fail to give them their due share. The part of Jefferson, especially, which has been obscured by that of his superior in office, Mr. Bryan clearly recognizes. He emphasizes a point which any student of Jefferson's artistic inter-

ests and architectural abilities would suspect, that in all which concerned the form of the city and the character of its buildings Jefferson was the prime mover. The relative position of the public buildings, the rectangular groundwork of streets, the competition for architectural designs, were all his ideas.

The estimate of L'Enfant, the French engineer who delineated the city plan, and was responsible for the radial avenues and for the detail of the design, has been the subject of more controversy than any other personal matter concerned in the founding of the city. The recent idealizers of L'Enfant have represented him as a much injured man, whose services were neither appreciated nor rewarded. Mr. Bryan, who brings to bear fresh material concerning other phases of L'Enfant's career, takes a more judicial view. L'Enfant, who everywhere enacted the same rôle of brilliant accomplishment, headstrong indiscretion, and disdainful rejection of compensations intended to be liberal, was temperamentally unfitted for the execution of the schemes he so finely conceived.

In the discussion of the genesis of the designs of the Capitol and the President's House, Mr. Bryan is less successful, because he here draws largely on previous monographic works which really do not conform to his own standards of historical criticism. Mr. Glenn Brown's "History of the United States Capitol," and other writings, have adduced a mass of important drawings and a selection of interesting documents, but careful study in the same field should have shown that many of his conclusions are in need of drastic revision. Mr. Bryan does correct them in a few points, but repeats uncritically some of Mr. Brown's assertions,—such as that the original drawings of Hoban for the President's House are not in existence, and that they contemplated a building with wings. He also makes bold to say that, as far as known, no other designs than those of Hoban, Hallet, and Collins were submitted in the competition for the President's House. As a matter of fact the Maryland Historical Society, the collections of which should be familiar to a student of the subject, preserves the designs of four other competitors, together with one of Hoban's original drawings; and the Coolidge collection in Boston has another of Hoban's plans. By a very serious misquotation of one of Washington's letters (p. 203), Mr. Bryan is led to give the name of Hallet as the one essentially responsible for the revised plan of the Capitol adopted in 1793, whereas Washington's meaning was that the plan might on the whole be considered as Thornton's.

*A HISTORY OF THE NATIONAL CAPITAL. By Wilhelmus Bogart Bryan. Volume I, 1790-1814. New York: The Macmillan Co.

These errors, although unfortunately important, are not characteristic of the book, which in many cases says a final word on matters within its scope. Economic, social, educational, and legal problems are all competently handled. If the arrangement is a good deal that of a chronicle, lacking in relief and emphasis, this will not detract from its great usefulness as a book of reference.

FISKE KIMBALL.

AN AUTHORITATIVE HISTORY OF THE JAPANESE PEOPLE.*

Notwithstanding the prominent place assumed and held by Japan in the developments of the past generation, it has not been easy for the western reader to find a scholarly and convenient history of that interesting land. Travel books and descriptive accounts without end were available, and few of them were worth the time spent in their perusal. Histories there were, but so little had been done in exploring the great wealth of Japanese records that western students were ill prepared to present well reasoned narratives. The two massive volumes of Murdoch, and the papers of the Asiatic Society of Japan, were the best sources of information available in English. It is therefore with a keen sense of appreciation that everyone interested in Japan and the Japanese must welcome a work which assuredly "fills a long-felt want."

"A History of the Japanese People, from the Earliest Times to the End of the Meiji Era" is the final work of the late Captain F. Brinkley, R.A., formerly editor of the "Japan Mail." Although written in collaboration with Baron Kikuchi, former President of the Imperial University at Kyoto, Baron Kikuchi gives practically all the credit to his senior colleague, asserting that his own "share is slight, consisting merely in general advice and in a few suggestions on some special points." Captain Brinkley has long been known as one of the most sympathetic interpreters of modern Japan. A British officer, he early went to Japan, retired from the service, and became editor of the "Japan Mail," for many years the ablest conducted foreign newspaper in Tokyo. As the author of the histories of Japan and China in the "Oriental Series," and of the article on Japan in the "Encyclopedia Britannica," he was well known abroad as a keen student, an open-

minded observer, and the master of a clear and graceful style.

The time was ripe for this exceptionally well informed foreigner, who was "almost Japanese in his understanding of, and sympathy with, the Japanese people," to prepare this much needed brief history. In his own words:

"During the past three decades Japanese students have devoted much intelligent labour to collecting and collating the somewhat disjointed fragments of their country's history. The task would have been impossible for foreign historiographers alone, but now that the materials have been brought to light there is no insuperable difficulty in making them available for purposes of joint interpretation."

One hundred and forty-three of these Japanese accounts are cited in the bibliography, and it is in the use of them that the supreme value of the present volume consists.

In Captain Brinkley's book there is now available, for the general reader as well as for the student, a volume of 731 pages, printed on India paper and therefore of convenient size, which gives a well balanced history of the Japanese people in the light of the investigations of both Japanese and foreign scholars. It is not too much to assert that in spite of minor shortcomings it is distinctly the most useful work of its kind in existence.

It is hardly necessary to dwell upon the many valuable features of this comprehensive work. In every period considerable attention is paid to the culture, the social order, the economic conditions. The illustrations, 150 in number, are well chosen, but in some cases have been carelessly placed so as to represent a chronological period different from the text. Readers unfamiliar with Japanese will find the frequent use of proper names tedious, and yet Captain Brinkley has avoided inconsequential details as much as possible. A single sentence, such as "the political complications that followed the death of the Taiko are extremely difficult to unravel, and the result is not commensurate with the trouble," covers a period on which a considerable controversial literature exists in Japanese. The frequent realignment of parties during the years of feudal anarchy is most difficult to follow, notwithstanding the author's effort to hold fast to the main lines of historical development.

An endeavor to condense 1450 years of history, and an uncertain epoch of mythology, into a single volume calls for rare talent in the art of omission. Frequently involved events must be described in summary phrases, and too often the dry bones of history lie

* A HISTORY OF THE JAPANESE PEOPLE, from the Earliest Times to the End of the Meiji Era. By Capt. F. Brinkley, R.A., with the collaboration of Baron Kikuchi. Illustrated. New York: The Encyclopedia Britannica Co.

exposed without the covering of descriptive matter. And yet Captain Brinkley has been able to enliven his text with many incidents, extremely well chosen, which portray the genius of the people and their leaders. An illustration, which has several points of interest, is the following:

"During the lifetime of Ieyasu, one of the most noted scholars was Fujiwara Seigwa. By the invitation of the Tokugawa chief he lectured on the classics in Kyoto, and it is recorded that Ieyasu, who had just (1600) arrived in that city, attended one of these lectures, wearing his ordinary garments. Seigwa is related to have fixed his eyes on Ieyasu and addressed him as follows: 'The greatest work of Confucius teaches that to order oneself is the most essential of achievements. How shall a man who does not order himself be able to order his country? I am lecturing on ethics to one who behaves in a disorderly and discourteous manner. I believe that I preach in vain.' Ieyasu immediately changed his costume, and the event contributed materially to the reputation alike of the intrepid teacher and of the magnanimous student, as well as to the popularity of Seigwa's doctrines."

It must not be forgotten that Captain Brinkley was evidently writing for the general public rather than for the special student, and therefore the absence of citations of the Japanese sources and the lack of incisive criticism in controversial matters are doubtless intentional. Notwithstanding the great number of unusual names, the text is remarkably clear of typographical errors, and misstatements of fact are rare. But that some should occur is scarcely surprising. In regard to the Shimonoseki complication (p. 674), the date should be June 24 or 25; and the firing on the American ship did not take place until June 26, instead of prior to May 11. And exception must be taken to the statement on p. 675 which credits Sir Harry Parkes with conceiving the idea of securing the Mikado's ratification of the foreign treaties by means of a naval demonstration at Hyogo; this proposal was first made by Mr. Pruyn, the American Minister, almost two years before Sir Harry arrived in Japan.

It is to be hoped that this history of the Japanese people may have the wide circulation which it merits, and that it may contribute to a better understanding of a most interesting people with whom we are bound to come into increasingly closer relations.

PATSON J. TREAT.

Although Mr. Edmund Gosse has completed his "Life of Swinburne," we understand that the book will not be published until after the war; when, presumably, we shall also be given Swinburne's correspondence and his posthumous poems.

RECENT POETRY.*

The decay of the hopes which were excited by the early work of Mr. Stephen Phillips is one of the tragedies of contemporary poetry. And his latest volume does nothing to mitigate this tragedy. It consists largely of matter such as one would expect to find published after the author's death by those persons who ransack the effects of deceased poets for new material wherewith to make "complete editions,"—manuscripts, that is to say, which the writer himself knew better than to make public. Yet Mr. Phillips has not died. The banality and immelodiousness of many of these poems are almost incredible. Once their author was supposed to be the herald of a new narrative blank verse of no little power and beauty; he can now make such lines as the following the climax of the love-story of an English soldier and a wandering Moslem maiden:

"'Hath ever,' said he, 'such a feat of love
Been known in this dull world as this of thine?
Was ever so much risked or so much dared?
Now to my mother will I make you known.'"

The title poem, addressed to this country, is in heroic couplets of a second-rate eighteenth-century quality. In particular, there is a distinct echo of the gentlemanly Augustan who once described the grasshopper as "the crawling scourge that smites the leafy plain" in Mr. Phillips's account of the yellow-fever mosquito as

"the fatal fly with baleful breath
That bears on gaudy wings the buzzing death."

As illustration for this poem, the frontispiece reproduces one of Mr. Joseph Pennell's etchings of the Gatun locks. It is well worth having, and furnishes the only reason I can think of why any one should possess the book. Or, if this be ungenerous, another reason may be found in the single poem called "Jesus and Joan," based on a fine bit of religious imagination:

"When Jesus greeted Joan in the After-twilight,
When the Crucified kissed the Burned,

* PANAMA, and Other Poems. By Stephen Phillips. New York: John Lane Co.
SONGS FROM THE CLAY. By James Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE WINNOWING FAN. By Laurence Binyon. "New Poetry Series." Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.
SPRING MORNING. By Frances Cornford. London: The Poetry Bookshop.

THE WITCH-MAID, and Other Verses. By Dorothea Mackellar. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

CRACK O' DAWN. By Fannie Stearns Davis. New York: The Macmillan Co.

POEMS. By Brian Hooker. New Haven: Yale University Press.

NORTH OF BOSTON. By Robert Frost. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

THE PRESENT HOUR. By Percy Mackaye. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE NEW WORLD. By Witter Bynner. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

Then softly they spoke together, solemnly, sweetly,
 They two so branded with life.
 But they spoke not at all of cross, or of up-piled
 flaming,
 Or the going from them of God;
 But he was tender over the soul of the Roman
 Who yielded him up to the priest;
 And she was whist with pity for him that lighted
 The faggot in Rouen town."

Of whatever is written by Mr. James Stephens, whether in prose or in verse, one may be sure that it will reveal a whimsical, Iris-like personality, darting unexpectedly from boy-like farce to the most matured sentiment, and always a distinguished sense of style. His "Songs from the Clay" are the utterance of this familiar personality, conscious now of its imprisonment in sordid clay, and again only of the stars that shine down upon the bog. I have drawn this figure from one of the poems themselves, which is addressed to "The Nodding Stars":

"Brothers! what is it ye mean?
 What is it ye try to say?
 That so earnestly ye lean
 From the spirit to the clay.

"There are weary gulfs between
 Here and sunny Paradise;
 Brothers! what is it ye mean
 That ye search with burning eyes

"Down for me whose fire is clogged,
 Clamped in sullen earthly mould,
 Battened down and fogged and bogged
 Where the clay is seven-fold!"

Close by it is this other, dealing with the same theme in the other mood:

"While walking through the trams and cars
 I chanced to look up at the sky
 And saw that it was full of stars,

"So starry-sown that you could not,
 With any care, have stuck a pin
 Through any single vacant spot.

"And some were shining furiously,
 And some were big and some were small,
 But all were beautiful to see.

"Blue stars and gold, a sky of grey,
 The air between a velvet pall;
 I could not take my eyes away.

"And there I sang this little psalm
 Most awkwardly, because I was
 Standing between a car and tram."

The "New Poetry Series" devotes one of its issues, of less than forty pages, to poems on the present war, by Mr. Laurence Binyon. They are sturdy, dignified utterances, full of feeling, but of such restrained feeling as an Englishman will show; sometimes rising to really noble levels, sometimes tending to be merely oratorical, as is almost inevitable in the extended treatment of such a subject. At

its best, no doubt because most truly lyrical, the verse takes up a dirge "For the Fallen," whose partly irregular rhythm moves with a kind of sobbing pathos which is yet kept under stern control:

"They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
 Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
 They were staunch to the end against odds
 unaccounted,
 They fell with their faces to the foe.

"They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow
 old:
 Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
 At the going down of the sun and in the morning
 We will remember them.

"They mingle not with their laughing comrades
 again;
 They sit no more at familiar tables of home;
 They have no lot in our labour of the day-time;
 They sleep beyond England's foam.

"But where our desires are and our hopes profound,
 Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,
 To the innermost heart of their own land they are
 known
 As the stars are known to the Night."

The Poetry Bookshop of London has issued a new group of poetical "chapbooks," whose rather garish paper covers, adorned with woodcuts of somewhat affected crudity, enclose widely varying contents. The only one of them which has appealed to me as of distinctive interest is Miss Cornford's "Spring Morning." This little collection, unpretentious and naive in tone, represents a real individuality and a gift for rapid, concentrated effectiveness of expression. Take, for example, this sketch of a child's point of view:

"My father's friend came once to tea,
 He laughed and talked. He spoke to me.
 But in another week they said
 That friendly pink-faced man was dead.

"'How sad,' they said; 'the best of men——'
 So I said too, 'How sad'; but then
 Deep in my heart I thought with pride:
 'I know a person who has died.'"

Or this, of "Autumn Morning at Cambridge":

"Down in the town, off the bridges and the grass
 They are sweeping up the leaves to let the people
 pass;
 Sweeping up the old leaves, golden-reds and browns,
 While the men go to lecture with the wind in their
 gowns."

Greater England is represented by a volume from an Australian poet, Miss Dorothea Mackellar, whose verse, it appears, has become known before this in her own continent. The larger world should make her acquaintance, for not only does she present some vivid glimpses of her own unfamiliar land, but her art shows a fluent sense of both color and melody, that catches the attention apart from the incidental interest of the back-

ground. Color most of all; one poem celebrates the joy of it in a veritable hymn of praise for "saffron sunset clouds, and larkspur mountains," for "nights of blue and pearl," for "beaches yellow as sunburnt wheat," and the "wide purple sea." In others the pageant of Australian landscapes is made to pass by:

"The tragic ring-barked forests
Stark white beneath the moon,
The sapphire-misted mountains,
The hot gold hush of noon.
Green tangle of the brush
Where lithe lianas coil,
And orchids deck the tree-tops
And ferns the crimson soil."

Or thanks are given

"For the pine-tree like a church-spire, that grows
upon the ridge,
For the lizard at its foot, . . .

"And the luminous red leaves of the sapling gums in
spring,
And the fen-lake's reed-grown marge."

Space must also be found for some lines from a charmingly facile and intimate lyric called "The Explorer":

"Had I been Adam in Eden-glade
I should have climbed the wall
Or ever the Woman found the fruit,
Crimson and ripe to fall. . . .

"I'd think of naught save the wall, but gain
Over the other side
A fair mixed world of evil and good,
Chancy and wild and wide. . . .

"Had I been Adam in Paradise
I should ha' climbed the wall;
I want not only the sweet of life
But all—all—all!"

Turn we now to our own country. A second book of verse by Fannie Stearns Davis (Mrs. Gifford) will find readers to welcome it who have known a number of the poems in familiar periodicals, as well as those who enjoyed the writer's earlier volume. The title-poem of "Crack o' Dawn" is wrought about the same theme as William Vaughn Moody's "Gloucester Moors," and all through the book runs the like interweaving of joy in nature with a sense of world-sorrow because of the sins and inadequacies of society.

"How dare I drink heaven-dew
While those I love drink death?"

This is the poignant query of so many voices of our generation. Mrs. Gifford seems just a little too insistent on the sorrow that underlies all human experience. I have always resented the type of cradle-song which concludes by intimating to the infant that "sorrow is coming by-and-by," or that "soon comes the sleep that has no waking," or other

such undeniably true generalization. For, since the lyric deals with momentary feeling, not with the exposition of the whole subject, it is right that at times it should confine itself to the absolutely simple joy,—if we are still capable of having simple joys. In one of the most pleasant of her poems Mrs. Gifford takes precisely this point of view:

"The hills are green and simple folk;
The wind is quick with comrade-calls;
White wayside apple-trees, and smoke
Of woodfires, and bright waterfalls,—

"They never bid me understand.
They never say, 'You too must die.'
I will go take the wind's cold hand.
God knows, I cannot always cry!"

And we are grateful for this. The only trouble is, the thing is evidently done with an effort,—the poet doth protest too much; if she were really convinced that she need not always cry, she would have said nothing about it. But it would be unjust to imply that this mood of half-tones or mixed tones dominates the whole collection. Sometimes, as in "Wild Weather," there is real freedom from the doubts of both philosopher and sociologist:

"My lips with salt were wild to taste.
I leapt: I shouted and made haste:
Along the cliffs, above the sea,
With mad red mantle waving free,
And hair that whipped the eyes of me.

"And there was no one else but he,
That great grim wind who called to me.
Oh, we ran far! Oh, we ran free!"

Nor could anything be more simply and veraciously happy than the "Fire Fantasy" of the child who lies dreaming

"on the fox-skin, white
As silver under the leaping light,—
White and furry and kind and warm,
[While] out by the window scurries the storm."

Mrs. Gifford's technique is noticeably sure and sound. Though touched by the *Weltschmerz*, she has not been convicted of the sinfulness of true rhythm or melodious rhyme, and one may follow her through many lyrical movements with security and pleasure. The limitations of her lyrical art are summed up in saying that it is wholly feminine; perhaps not one of her poems fails to show the lambent, flame-like feeling that we know to be characteristic of the poetic in woman. A more symmetrical or completer art demands, of course, the sense that the masculine is present in it too.

Mr. Brian Hooker has collected his poems for the first time, and one may assume that he includes work going back to comparatively youthful years. There is, at any rate, an air of youthfulness about the volume,—not in

the way of immaturity, much less of sauciness, but from the sense that here is abundant experimentation interesting as promise rather than as accomplishment. There are ballades and sonnets, melodious and well wrought; there are couplets and blank verse; there are songs which show the none too common sense of that which in words is really akin to music; and there are pleasing experiments in a new form, akin to the triolet, which the inventor names the "Turn." Of this last an example may be given at once:

"Love came back to look once more
On the home he long had known:
Found a vine across the door,
Found the fountain foul and dry,
Found the garden overgrown;
Heard at last a tired sigh.—
Love came back to look once more."

But in all this one is not sure that one knows where the poet himself is to be found—what it is, after preparation and prelude, that he wishes to say. The most extensive composition in the volume is "The White Cat," a symbolic fairy-poem on the theme "That every quest is but a coming home"; the narrative is lucid and facile, but memorable less for itself than for some fine passages of ornate Tennysonian blank verse. Since for the present reviewer this term "Tennysonian" is not the malignant reproach which it becomes on the lips of many of our contemporaries, let me quote from one or two of these passages, in evidence of the good hope we may have for Mr. Hooker's further work in the field of epic or romance:

"Clambering a rocky slope interminable,
He reached the height, and paused, and standing there
Fronted a firm wind, and the mist fell, blown
Asunder, and the stars shone. All around,
Vast mountains bulked against an ebony sky
League beyond league, crested with snow, and
floored
With sea-green pines; as though the almighty deep,
Heaving his foamy legions to the war
Of the four winds, hung suddenly motionless—
A storm in stone."

"Slowly as one that from the house of death
Bitterly escaping, swims through fires of pain
And storms of fever, and black floods of sleep,
Till at the last his soul, returning, clears
Faint eyes, and with a dim wonder he sees
The strange walls of his own remembered room,
Where the gray day, through curtains closely drawn,
Sickens the lamplight, and the house is still."

If that sort of thing seems old-fashioned, it does not follow that its charm should ever be obsolete.

Leaving behind, however, as our generation is tending to do, the more conventional and ornate poetic modes, we find ourselves realiz-

ing a problem of great concern in current poetry—the new development of a verse style which shall seem to be very nearly that of common speech. The problem is not new, of course; Wordsworth set it forth clearly, but his methods and results in seeking to solve it were not quite so clear. Coventry Patmore made interesting experiments in the same direction, anticipating (in "The Angel in the House" and in other poems) a number of effects, both metrical and stylistic, which we are likely to think of as peculiar to the twentieth century. Browning, again, showed what could be done with every-day diction by his method, and Walt Whitman by his. But the present generation has gone to work with new seriousness to see how it can get both the full effect of poetry in prose, and the full effect of common speech in verse. So far as I know, the late John Synge is the only writer of English who has accomplished the first of these things, and that because of his discovery (or invention) of an extraordinary dialect; but that is not the question here. Mr. Masfield, in the second matter, was perhaps the first to do to perfection what Wordsworth saw from afar; and he is having a number of followers, showing varying degrees of independent power. A fresh line of experimentation in the new diction appears in Mr. Robert Frost's "North of Boston," which has already been noticed in these columns, but which I am glad to have occasion to mention again because, having first appeared and won attention in England, the book is now reissued with an American imprint. There are few better examples of success in this direction than two or three of the poems in Mr. Mackaye's new volume, "The Present Hour,"—especially the one called "Fight," which opens the collection, and that called "School," written as a tribute to an old New England academy. Note passages like these:

"Jock rammed his cap
And rubbed a numb ear with the furry flap,
Then bolted like a faun,
Bounding through shin-deep sleigh-ruts in his shaggy
brawn,
Blowing white frost-wreaths from red mouth agap
Till, in a gabled porch beyond the store,
He burst the door."

"He dropped his hoe, but sudden stooped again
And raised it where it fell. Nothing he spoke,
But bent his knee and crack! the handle broke
Splintering. With glare of pain,
He flung the pieces down, and stamped upon them;
then—
Like one who leaps out naked from his cloak—
Ran. 'Here, come back! Where are ye bound—
you fool!'
He cried—'To school!'"

The whole of both poems should be considered by any who have been led to believe that, in order to secure the effect of freedom, veracity, and directness, it is necessary to abandon the limitations of a fixed rhythmical form or the reasonable restraints and dignities of a sound style. I do not here undertake to speak of Mr. Mackaye's volume as a whole, for it is already not of "the present hour," but of that year 1914 which occurred so very long ago; and its chief contents have become more or less familiar in periodicals. Like most of the author's work, it is notable for a wholesome combination of sincerity and dignity. It is consoling to contrast the simple but high feeling and expression of the two poems that deal with the Panama Canal, with the meretricious tawdriness of Mr. Phillips's composition on the same subject. From that made in honor of Colonel Goethals I quote the opening stanzas:

"A man went down to Panama
Where many a man had died
To slit the sliding mountains
And lift the eternal tide:
A man stood up in Panama,
And the mountains stood aside.

"The Power that wrought the tide and peak
Wrought mightier the seer;
And the One who made the isthmus
He made the engineer,
And the good God he made Goethals
To cleave the hemisphere."

Perhaps the only thing one is tempted to wish for, in these poems of Mr. Mackaye's, is something more of the *élan vital*, the flaming lyrical glow and warmth, which characterize the last volume of our present list; and, by the same token, one might covet for Mr. Witter Bynner a bit of Mr. Mackaye's restraint and sense of form. Even without it, "The New World" is a notable, a really golden book. This I say in the face of prejudices of which the reader of this journal has already become aware, and which force me to add that a modicum of metrical firmness and soberness, just by way of alternation—let us say—with the unhemmed, flood-like flowing and splashing of his fine eloquences, would certainly better the work. Better it, that is, for those who do not find essential satisfaction in the form of lines like these:

"Celia, hold out your hand,
Or anyone in any field or street, hold out your hand—
And I can see it pulse the massive climb
And dip
Of this America,
My ship!"

Whitman, by the explicit announcement of the poet, is in part his inspiration; but I do

not find either in the occasional sprawling Whitmanesque versification, or in the unreasoned Whitman-like outpourings of a kind of chaotic, mystical patriotism, the new values of "The New World." There is a warm, lovable sociology here; and there is a religious philosophy, seemingly somewhat Hindu in character, though the writer distinguishes it from Hinduism; but as I know only just enough of either sociology or philosophy to be suspicious of the soundness of Mr. Bynner's doctrines, as such, I cannot value the book by *them*. But that does not matter. Wordsworth said of his "Intimations" ode that he had made use of certain notions, "as a poet," without bothering as to whether or not they were demonstrably true; and that is certainly what most of us do in reading his great poem. So here; those of us who cannot follow Mr. Bynner's transcendental socialism and pantheism (I use neither word with technical accuracy) may rejoice in the clouds of glory which they trail as they come,—and I do not mean mere beauty of figure and word, but nobility and loveliness of thought and feeling. There is a great woman portrayed in this poem; and the reader is led, with a passionate skill which he is likely not to realize or understand, to follow the revelation of her spirit, and at the end to feel, as the poet represents himself as feeling, that he has made, and lost, and yet not lost, a friend. At times Mr. Bynner's style gives us new examples of that search for directness and veracity which we have been remarking in others:

"Be my reply
Challenge to poets who, with tinkling tricks,
Meet life and pass it by.
'Beauty,' they ask, 'in politics?'
'If you put it there,' say I."

At other times it rises and soars—yet without altogether losing its directness—on flights which to seek to follow is a rich new experience. I know of nothing in recent verse finer than this strophe, in a meditation on the nature of everlastingness:

"Therefore, O spirit, as a runner strips
Upon a windy afternoon,
Be unencumbered of what troubles you—
Arise with grace
And greatly go!—the wind upon your face!
Grieve not for the invisible transported brow
On which like leaves the dark hair grew,
Nor for those lips of laughter that are now
Laughing in sun and dew,
Nor for those limbs that, fallen low
And seeming faint and slow,
Shall alter and renew
Their shape and hue
Like birches white before the moon
Or the wild cherry-bough
In spring, or the round sea,

And shall pursue
More ways of swiftness than the swallow dips
Among, and find more winds than ever blew
The straining sails of unimpeded ships!
Mourn not! Yield only happy tears
To deeper beauty than appears!"

That two such volumes as Mr. Mackaye's and Mr. Bynner's should appear within a six months' period is of itself an augury of confidence for American poetry.

RAYMOND M. ALDEN.

NOTES ON NEW NOVELS.

Is there to be a revival of the sword-and-cloak romance? And is S. R. Crockett's "Hal o' the Ironsides" (Revell) one of its symptoms? Here is a tale more readable than stories of its kind seem to have been for several years past; and the point of view of the world, which has seen such abrupt transitions since Europe went mad last year, may now be favorable toward any attempt to interpret history, if only that we may gain from the past some clue to the tragedy that has just befallen mankind. "A Story of the Days of Cromwell" is the sub-title of the work. Read with modern eyes, one learns that the Ironsides were, in contemporary language, the product of an efficiency expert. Except for an oriental lapse into the improbable, which all the author's skill does not quite carry over, the book shows that judicious blending of love and war which gives to tales of this kind their popularity.

Following his "Children of the Dead End," Mr. Patrick MacGill shows the seriousness with which he takes his calling by a more ambitious work in the same genre, "The Rat-Pit" (Doran). Like its predecessor, it is a sombre tale of humble life, taking its name from a Glasgow lodging-house for women, where no questions are asked and where life is to be seen in its most sordid aspects. An Irish peasant girl, Norah Ryan, gifted with unusual beauties of soul and body, is made to yield herself to a middle-class scoundrel, after what most would adjudge an insufficient temptation, remembering the high moral standard of the Irish peasant. An outcast thereafter, she finds a single friend in an older woman whose experience had been the same as her own. It is a tragically realistic novel, evidencing marked literary skill.

One acquits Mrs. Bell Elliott Palmer of intending to write a suggestive book in "The Single Code Girl" (Lothrop), just as one exonerates her from intending to use slang when she puts it in the mouths of her most cultured and dignified characters at critical moments in their careers. But the fact remains that the element of suspense in her book is built upon the expected confession of a man's immorality, and it is in the hope that he will disclose some Cazanova-like escapade that most readers will follow the story. Surely enough, the expected disclosure comes near the end of the book—and it is n't half as bad as it might have been, after all. And, the man not being so

very bad, the girl marries him just the same. What the moral is, one cannot tell; yet there is no doubt about the author's intention to have one.

California clutches the hearts of those who give themselves up to her charm, and Mrs. Mary Hallowell Foote proves herself a thoroughgoing Californian in "The Valley Road" (Houghton). She even goes to the lengths of contrasting the best New England has to offer with the best of the Western Coast—to the disparagement of neither, be it quickly said. The life of an engineer and of his son, an engineer after him, constitute the backbone of the narrative, into which is woven more than one wholesome love story. The leading characters are Americans, but there is a background of immigrant life, of which we are dimly conscious,—just as we are of this element in our national life. As one expects from a writer of Mrs. Foote's ability, this is a novel well worth the reading.

Primitive conditions as tests whereby to try the souls of men make up the framework for the theme of Mr. Edwin Balmer's story of "The Wild Goose Chase" (Duffield). It is in the Arctic that the problem works itself out, the girl and her two suitors there finding themselves confronted with starvation. The girl's favorite of the two men had been opposed by her family; the family's favorite proves lacking in that elemental thing known in civilization as honor. The point of the story—the old difference between man's intelligence and woman's intuition—is only reached on the last page. The story is a good one, vividly told.

In "Maria Again," Mrs. John Lane continues that acute criticism of English life among the upper middle class which she began in "According to Maria." It is the lightest of froth,—on the surface,—where froth is usually found; and what Maria has to say is largely drivel. But the froth indicates the vapidity beneath, and the drivel is a sincere expression of what that sort of woman thinks and says. The book is really a poignant satire, and those who believe that something is the matter with England at the present crisis can make good use of Mrs. Lane's material in diagnosing the evils. (John Lane Co.)

Mr. J. E. Le Rossignol has written an unusual book in "Jean Baptiste" (Dutton). With large powers of imagination, he is never satisfied with allowing the conventional to control the actions of his characters, and the jaded reader may find many a surprise awaiting him in consequence. Again and again, where a less skilful writer would have been satisfied to allow the narrative to pursue its customary course, temperament overrules and the story takes another and unexpected slant. Dealing with the Canadian habitant, the result justifies the method; one feels that one has met real persons, and not the mere types of more ordinary novels.

A young and popular novelist hears it said that all his success was due to his first book, of which his others are merely variants. He forgoes his great prosperity, meets and marries a humble French girl, whom he takes to Paris. There, living in abject poverty, he writes another novel pseudonymously, and achieves another success.

This is the frame about which Mr. Robert W. Service writes "The Pretender" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), which is nothing if not amusing. There is more than a spice of *Bohème* about it, and much of the joy of youth and irresponsibility.

A book most happily entitled is Miss Helen Mackay's "Accidentals" (Duffield). It is not a novel,—it is hardly fiction at all. Episode after episode of life in Paris, seen with keenly sympathetic vision, make up its contents, the longest of these episodes filling only a few pages. Fully finished as each of them is and quite complete in itself, they collectively constitute the raw material of literature rather than literature itself, many of them being suggestions from which novelist and dramatist might profit.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

"Manifestations of Economic Liberalism" would have been a better title for the last book of

the much regretted Charles R. Henderson than the rather cryptic one that it bears—"Citizens in Industry" (Appleton). The central purpose of the volume is to present a picture of the welfare work done by capitalistic establishments for their employees the world over. It touches descriptively also upon those general social movements for the betterment of the laboring masses which such establishments are assisting, but which they do not control. The justification of the title lies in Professor Henderson's doctrine that all economic movements for the betterment of the worker, mentally, physically, and morally, must be founded on a conception of the democratic solidarity of modern society. In their programmes for the socialization of industry, organizers and reformers must realize that a feudal, patriarchal, patronizing attitude on the part of capital is unacceptable; that our workmen demand of their employers and the State recognition of their legal and political equality, and of their rights to the cultural fruits of social organization. Employers and employed are common "citizens in industry." The book is a compilation which draws on all the principal American and European sources of information, and which combines wide knowledge with an excellent organization. There are chapters on hygiene and safety in the factory and shop; on the improvement of the home life of employees, from special homes for working boys and girls to wide civic housing schemes; on the moral and religious influence of churches, Christian Associations, and libraries; and on the training and work of welfare secretaries in large establishments. Happily, no fear of unduly advertising large American and

European business houses has prevented the author from filling these chapters with concrete illustrations. Two larger subjects, "Education and Culture" and "Experiments in Industrial Democracy," are naturally treated with less thoroughness. In connection with the first, Professor Henderson says an eloquent and much-needed word against the plan for vocational education which would place industry alone in control of this part of the public school system, and thus give us a dual school organization, creating fixed classes of the liberally and the technically trained. But he makes only slight allusion to certain movements in modern education that promise a far-reaching effect on industry. In connection with the second subject, Professor Henderson has to say something upon the representation of the worker in shop management, upon his voluntary participation in welfare plans, upon profit-sharing, upon recent theories of economic wages, and upon plans for arbitration and conciliation. It is little disparagement to state that his attempt to cover salient recent developments in these fields is unsatisfactory. He should have neutralized his limitations of space by a more frank recourse to generalization, especially as his illustrations omit much that will disappoint the careful reader,—any mention under conciliation, for example, of the protocol in the garment trades of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. But the book as a whole is such a conspectus of a complex field as we have long needed. It is filled, moreover, with an optimism, a faith in meliorism under the present trend of the economic system, that must impress those who were acquainted with Professor Henderson's farsightedness.

*French faith
and works in
the great war.*

Two little books recently translated bring confirmation of French earnestness and devotion in the present struggle. The first is a letter by M. Paul Sabatier, a distinguished writer on religious themes. It is entitled "The Ideals of France" (London: T. Fisher Unwin), and was written in response to a peace resolution passed by the International Society for Franciscan Studies at Assisi. The Allies, he says, are fighting for an ideal. To think of peace before the goal is reached would be an abdication,—Dante's *gran rifiuto*. Hence, though grateful to would-be peace-makers for the excellence of their intentions, "we are somewhat embarrassed by the thought that they are more careful of our physical than of our moral life." Not "peace at any price" but that "righteousness and peace" preached by Saint Francis

is the goal, and France is determined to struggle to the end against a "*Kultur* which is naught save worship of the sword and of the golden calf." The second book, Mme. M. Eydoux-Démians's "*In a French Hospital*" (Duffield), gives ample evidence that this ideal is backed by the heroism necessary for its accomplishment. These notes of a nurse in the hospital of Saint Dominic illustrate the willing offer by the soldiers of suffering and of life in the great cause, as well as the devotion of their families and nurses. The book is filled with anecdotes revealing the entire forgetfulness of self for the path of duty. Touching is the affection of the soldiers for each other and for their officers, and the officers' praise of their men. All are conscious that they are doing their part for France, and that is the only thing that matters. This testament of a single line, found by a father on his son's body, is characteristic of them all: "If we are victorious, I beg my parents not to put on mourning for me." Nor is humor lacking,—it never is in France,—even in the midst of so much ghastliness. "The joy of the spirit gives the measure of its strength," wrote Ninon with a profound insight into French character. Written by a devout Catholic in a hospital under the management of the Sisters of Saint Vincent de Paul, it is natural that the author should give full expression to her religious feeling. One hesitates to criticize,—surely any ideal consolation that the troubled hearts of France can find to-day is worthy; and yet one feels that this insistent sentimental reaction is a bit intrusive. The translator's work is not all that could be desired. The reader is frequently and unpleasantly reminded that the work is a translation, too hastily done.

Memories of a blind poet and naturalist.

Mr. Clarence Hawkes tells with frankness and modesty the story of his heroic life in a small volume entitled "*Hitting the Dark Trail*" (Holt). "*Starshine through Thirty Years of Night*" is the poetic sub-title. Blanco White's famous sonnet may have suggested this secondary title and also prompted the utterance: "The sun at noontide showed me the world and all its wonders, but the night has shown me the universe, the countless stars and illimitable space, the vastness and the wonder of all life. The perfect day showed me man's world, but the night showed me God's universe." In telling the pathetic story of his blindness the author does not note the striking similarity of his case to that of Henry Fawcett. A hunting excursion with a sport-loving father, a shotgun in the careless hands

of that father, and the damage was done, leaving in each instance a flickering remnant of eyesight and a faint hope of ultimate recovery, a hope destined in both cases to final disappointment after surgical skill had done its utmost. But while we know that Fawcett's father made agonized endeavors to atone for his carelessness, we learn nothing of the elder Hawkes's conduct or frame of mind after that fatal day. The mother, however, did all that a mother could do for a stricken child. Tragic also, though in a less degree, is the account of the writer's earlier loss of a leg. If ever a high-spirited youth entered on the struggle of life under serious handicaps, that youth was Clarence Hawkes, and the story of the struggle is to be reckoned a memorable piece of autobiography. Expressing his disability in mathematical terms, Mr. Hawkes says: "I am confident that blindness is a twenty-five per cent handicap in the work of life, no matter what profession you adopt. The blind person, in order to succeed equally with the seeing, must put in one hundred and twenty-five per cent of energy before he can stand abreast of his seeing competitor." More than that; for if he begins with only three-quarters of the normal equipment, the extra expenditure of energy to bring the total up to that normal will obviously be one third, not one quarter. The author's style is so good that one cannot but wish he had more carefully observed the niceties of "shall" and "should," which, it is true, hardly anyone does now observe, the more's the pity. Excellent illustrations by Mr. Charles Copeland and from photographs accompany the reading matter.

Mr. Wells's "holiday in book-making."

Mr. H. G. Wells is by all odds the most original and untrammelled book-maker in the world to-day. "*Boon: The Mind of the Race, The Wild Asses of the Devil and The Last Trump*," by Reginald Bliss, author of "*Whales in Captivity*," with an ambiguous introduction by H. G. Wells," all sounds engaging enough; but the book itself repays even more than the title promises. Although copyrighted in the name of Reginald Bliss, it is altogether improbable that the author wished or hoped to evade publicity,—even though he might be willing to escape some of the responsibility. The style, the ideas, even the description of the dumpy figure of Boon so like Mr. Wells's description elsewhere of himself,—all hint plainly that he had really no intention of concealing himself. But being what it is, the book is more engaging than if it were what it pretends to be. The publishers (George H.

Doran Co.) speak of it as "a joyous holiday in book-making." As far as plan is concerned, this description is accurate; for it seems at first that the author is deliberately turning away from the gloom and strain of war to let his fancy cavort at will for the pleasure of an anxious and over-taxed reading public, to "gyre and gimble in the wabe." If so, he soon forgets his purpose; or, what is more probable, he was not really throwing out a tale of a tub any more than Swift was when by pretending to turn away from politics and the Church he focussed attention on them. Mr. Wells has things to say about the present times,—vague, inchoate, ambiguous things in part; and being the literary craftsman that he is, he invents a delightful, indirect, effective way of saying them. Of course he pokes fun at America (under the pseudonym of "Aunt Dove"), the "Encyclopædia Britannica," Aristotle, "The Nation," Mr. Henry James, and all manner of lesser things and men. But this is only rhetorical padding. Boon; the putative author Bliss; Dodd the Rationalist who was obsessed with the fear that some one might smuggle God back into the universe under some other name; Hallery, the hero of Boon's projected book; and Wilkins, the literary opponent of Boon, and the little author of Folkstone,—all these are merely so many phases of the mind of Mr. Wells. He is using Carlyle's classical fiction of employing straw men to foist his doubtful, unsettled, or inconclusive theories upon. What he wants to say, and does say with much poetic power and engaging *naïveté*, is this: The race of men is inevitably though slowly developing a unit consciousness, a collective wisdom; but meanwhile the Wild Asses of the Devil, who get into all manner of high places and cannot be detected and distinguished from real men, are paying their Master by cutting up the most asinine tricks, getting the world into the present war for instance, and creating the effect of utter riot and decay; and last most pathetic thing, even when the Last Trump inadvertently sounds a truncated note of warning and God becomes actual and visible, men will not permit themselves to believe that it is really God, though they may wish and pray half-heartedly for the very sign they are at the moment receiving.

*Decorating and
furnishing the
city apartment.*

Every intelligent devotee of home-making is glad to avail himself of helpful books or pictures on this subject. And as a very large proportion of homes are now made in apartments, instead of in separate houses, such a

book as Mr. B. Russell Herts's "The Decoration and Furnishing of Apartments" (Putnam) is especially welcome. In it, the author calls attention to the fact that all the vast changes in methods of living,—the bringing together of continents by means of fast steamers, cables, airships, and the telegraph; the advancement of the sciences; the growing ease of manufacture,—all these have not resulted in a new style of architecture or decoration. American art, like American thought, being conservative, the antique has been copied with avidity; but that "period" rooms, however good, or an eternal copying of former styles, are the best of which we to-day are capable, cannot be granted. The outlook is distinctly encouraging, as we may see by looking back some forty years, when taste in America was at its lowest. The vagaries of the 1875 designers had nothing to do with any new art; whereas in the art movements of to-day, whether we approve of them or not, we recognize the mature and concerted action of talented artists. Their messages converge to one essential point,—the necessity of freedom and simplicity. To establish certain canons of this nature, to urge that apartments shall be furnished in a manner at once effective, satisfying, and sincere, is the purpose of Part I. of Mr. Herts's book, occupying about one-fourth of the total space. Part II. is devoted to the practical details, which are discussed in an intimate and informal fashion. Separate chapters are given to each type of apartment,—from the smallest, consisting of only two rooms, with "kitchenette" and bath, to the sumptuous spaces of the "duplex." In dealing with large apartments, the author faces the danger of over-sumptuousness, and the difficulties too often experienced by Americans of "becoming extravagant gracefully." The very important considerations of "Windows and their Curtaining," "Control of Artificial Light," "Bric-a-Brac and Pictures" are not only described in detail, but illustrated by beautiful colored plates accompanied by descriptive notes. These plates alone form a liberal education for the amateur. Although in a field where personal taste counts for so much the reader may discover many points for his own dissent, he can hardly fail to find the book suggestive as well as entertaining.

*Our national
government and
its work.*

For those who wish to know what the United States government is doing, as well as what it is, Mr. James T. Young's "The New American Government and its Work" (Macmillan) will be found of decided value. The work of the government, the regulation of business, the

development of social legislation, the important activities of the judiciary, all receive fresh and illuminating treatment. It is mainly, however, because of the point of view of the author with respect to the executive organs of national and state government that the work merits special notice. Mr. Young believes in executive leadership, its fitness in a scheme of democracy, its capacity for service, and its responsiveness to sound public opinion. He accepts executive leadership in American government as a distinct advance rather than as a dangerous usurpation. In doing so, and in effectively presenting this view, the author has made a real contribution to the cause of good government in the United States. The chief regret of the student after a perusal of the book is that some adequate attention could not have been given to local government, especially city government, as a part of the American system. Local government in the United States has suffered not a little from the fact that its relative importance in the American system has not been sufficiently noticed in the existing books dealing with American government. In no other department of this subject has the development of executive leadership been more conspicuous than in municipal government. This omission, however, will not prevent Mr. Young's volume from serving a useful purpose. Its merits will be generally recognized and appreciated. Its frankly modern viewpoint will attract and interest the student. There will be a difference of opinion as to whether the amount of constitutional material introduced in the form of judicial opinions and interpretations does not exceed the assimilative capacity of the average college and university student of first and second year standing. Power of clear and forceful statement are present, however, to aid in the presentation of this material. Besides, the average student needs a little strong meat in his intellectual diet.

*A resume of
the Chinese
Revolution.*

Now that the days of the Republic of China seem limited, and the monarchy is about to be re-established, it would be difficult to find a more satisfactory review of the Revolution which gave rise to the Republic and of the significant events of the Revolution that render the impending reversion apparently fore-ordained and inevitable, than one finds in "The Remaking of China" (Dutton). Mr. Adolf F. Waley, the author, modestly disclaims competition with recent major works dealing with the same subject, but he gives evidence of "very close study . . . bestowed upon

the problems . . . which the recent changes in that country have brought into prominence." So close has been this study and so true the author's discernment that the daily press is now bringing us news of the fulfilment of prognostications contained in this brief treatise. Beginning with the period of the minority of the Emperor Kwang-hsu in the middle of the last century, a time of stagnation and decay in China, the author narrates concisely but in considerable detail events leading to the establishment of the Republic,—the planting of seeds of new thought in the mind of the young Emperor by Kang Yu Wei, the sudden and extreme reform edicts of the converted monarch, the resumption of authority by the Empress Dowager and the crushing of the reform party, the brief terror of the Boxer uprising and the ensuing conversion of the Empress Dowager to a programme of reform, the death of the Emperor and the Empress Dowager, the futile reactionary policy of the Regent, and the outbreaking and swift success of the Revolution. Events of the Revolution which were significant of future tendencies are carefully narrated and discussed. The character of Yuan Shi Kai is criticized with impartial appreciation and condemnation of its good and its bad traits. Suggestions are offered as to the probable developments of the near future. These suggestions are in part being realized at the present time. The little volume is therefore not only an excellent handbook of the Revolution, but also a guide to the observer of present movements in China.

*The home
library's larger
possibilities.*

Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick's thoughtful essays on library matters, originally contributed to "The Bookman," are now gathered into a book under the title, "The Making of an American's Library" (Little, Brown & Co.). As indicated by their headings, the five chapters treat successively of books as room-mates, the art of browsing, the library as a literary laboratory, the boy and the book, and recuperative bibliophily. Primarily it is from the book-buyer's standpoint that the public library is considered in these chapters. He who would form a collection of his own is counselled not to buy on the recommendation of others, but to ascertain and develop his tastes by a copious yet discriminating use of the public library. Far from superfluous is the caution against buying sets and complete works. Not even the greatest authors should be exempt from the weeding-out process; and still more are many of the arbitrarily formed series or "libraries," sold often through glib-

tongued agents, to be viewed with suspicion. Amazing is it to observe, even now, how largely the libraries of the uninformed, the careless buyers, are made up of this sort of lumber, which hardly anyone ever pretends to read. Wooden dummies would be far cheaper and could be painted to look just as showy. In one passage the author laments the failure of public libraries to secure from book-dealers "special consideration in the way of discount." But surely the consideration they do receive is not ungenerous; it is much more, as a rule, than the dealer is justified in granting. With all the risks and uncertainties it has to face, the book-trade is not likely to make many millionaires. Excellent and rather novel in its form is Dr. Bostwick's paragraph on the individuality and charm of the printed word, a charm which, as he notes with regret, the spelling-reformer is trying to impair. His concluding chapter considers the unrealized possibilities of usefulness in the coöperation of public and private libraries. Though called "The Making of an American's Library," the book should have meaning and value to readers and library-formers of any nationality.

*An enemy's
estimate of the
Germans.*

When the citizen of a belligerent country attempts to set down the national psychology of an enemy the result is almost sure to be unjustifiable disparagement. Mr. Thomas F. A. Smith, an Englishman who lived for twelve years in Germany and claims to know the country and its people thoroughly, vents himself in the following vein in his book called "The Soul of Germany" (Doran): "In summing up, Germans are characterized by unbounded vanity, love of secrecy, morbid sensitiveness, envy, absence of consideration for others, a strong tendency to revert to 'the ape and tiger'; Germans lack true sentiment and affection, but have a remarkable inclination to reckless, brutal self-assertion." The only virtues which the author thinks may be unreservedly ascribed to them are obedience and thrift. One wonders if, for example, the honesty of the German lower and middle classes counts for nothing, or if the widespread love of music and poetry does not indicate certain finer susceptibilities. Mr. Smith seems to place the blame for the deterioration of the German character on militarism and Social Democracy, although it must be evident that these two forces counteract each other in certain important respects. One point in his invective may be granted: envy seems to be the most characteristic vice of the Germans,—we have the authority of two

chancellors of the German Empire, Bismarck and Bülow, for this generalization. The reviewer, who has spent several years in Germany, can also endorse the author's statement that inveterate hatred of England was to be encountered among all classes long before the war, mixed with the hope that the day would come when England should be broken and humiliated. Perhaps envy and hatred stand here in the relation of cause and effect. An appendix gives some interesting statistics to show that crimes of violence and lust are much more frequent in "law-abiding" Germany than in England.

BRIEFER MENTION.

"The Alligator and Its Allies" (Putnam) is the title of a somewhat elaborate scientific work by Professor A. M. Reese, who has hunted this giant reptile in the swamps of Florida and Georgia for the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. The work gives an account of distribution, habits, and commercial uses of the American alligator and crocodile, and a brief statement of the characteristics and distribution of the old-world relatives of these giant reptiles. Much of the book is devoted to a technical account of the anatomy and development of the alligator, which will be useful in the anatomical and embryological laboratories in which advanced instruction is given. There are abundant illustrations, an extensive bibliography, and a good index.

Mr. Axel Moth, of the New York Public Library, turns to account his long experience as cataloguer in a useful handbook on "Technical Terms Used in Bibliographies and by the Book and Printing Trades," which he further designates as a supplement to Mr. Frank K. Walter's earlier similar work. Terms found in Mr. Walter's book are, with a few exceptions, omitted by Mr. Moth. The arrangement is alphabetical, in nine lists representing as many languages,—English, Danish, Dutch, French, German, Italian, Latin (compiled by Mr. Walter), Spanish, and Swedish. A few puzzling omissions and irregularities, not attributable to the supplementary nature of the book, invite remark. While the English list gives equivalent terms in the other modern languages named, these equivalents are sometimes lacking, without apparent reason, in one or more of the foreign lists. Rather conspicuous, too, is the accidental omission of "German" in the second entry of the table of contents. Among the few definitions in the English list occurs an explanation of "signature" which fails to note the derived and more customary meaning of the term as a folded sheet, not merely the mark at the foot of its first page. A larger measure of comprehensiveness in its not very extensive field, with no attempt to make the book supplementary to an earlier one, would have rendered Mr. Moth's scholarly manual more thoroughly useful and satisfactory. It is published by the Boston Book Co.

NOTES.

We learn that a volume of collected prose by the Irish writer "A. E." (Mr. George Russell) is ready for immediate publication.

A volume of verses for children by Mr. James Stephens is soon to appear under the title, "The Adventures of Seumas Beg: The Rocky Road to Dublin."

Mr. Temple Thurston has recently completed a new romance entitled "The Passionate Crime: A Tale of Faerie," which will appear during the autumn.

The book rights for Miss Geraldine Farrar's autobiography have been secured by the Houghton Mifflin Co., and the volume will be published during the winter.

Mr. John G. Neihardt writes of the adventurous life of Canadian pioneers in a volume of verse, "The Song of Hugh Glass," which Messrs. Macmillan will soon issue.

In "War, Progress, and the End of History," by Vladimir Soloviev, the author attempts a defence of war as a means of progress. Messrs. Doran will publish the book.

A new and greatly enlarged edition of Sir Sidney Lee's "Life of Shakespeare" will appear during the autumn. The same writer's authorized "Life of King Edward VII." is also nearly ready for publication.

"Six Portraits of Rabindranath Tagore" made by the English artist Mr. Will Rothenstein are shortly to be published by Messrs. Macmillan. A prefatory note to the book is contributed by Mr. Max Beerbohm.

Sir Martin Conway will shortly publish through Messrs. Longmans a book on "The Crowd in Peace and War." It is an attempt to deal in popular language with the relations of the individual to the crowd and of crowds to one another.

"Indian Memories" is the title of Sir Robert Baden-Powell's new book, which will be issued during the autumn. The author has illustrated his impressions with sketches in color and in black and white.

Three new "Bohn" volumes soon to appear are "The Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley," edited in two volumes by Mr. Roger Ingpen, and Ranke's "History of the Latin and Teutonic Nations, 1494-1514."

A satire on war, probing the militarist philosophy, has been written by Vernon Lee under the title of "The Ballet of the Nations," and will be published with decorations by Maxwell Armfield. The volume will be issued immediately by Messrs. Putnam.

Mr. Stephen Graham, who is rapidly making a reputation for himself with his books on Russia and the Russians, has still another volume in press for early issue, to be entitled "The Way of Martha and the Way of Mary." It is a study of life and religion in Russia.

"National Floodmarks" is the title of a forthcoming volume composed of the most striking edi-

torials that have appeared in "Collier's Weekly" which its editor, Mr. Mark Sullivan, has prepared in celebration of the twentieth birthday of the magazine. The book will be published by Messrs. Doran.

A new volume of poems, "Rivers to the Sea," by Miss Sara Teasdale, is immediately forthcoming from the press of the Macmillan Co. Most of the poems have had earlier magazine publication; they have also been translated into German by Mr. Rudolf Rieder to be published in Munich at the close of the war.

"A Reverie of Childhood and Youth," by Mr. William Butler Yeats, is one of the recent announcements of Messrs. Macmillan. The volume is described as a spiritual and emotional biography of Yeats's early years, written in charming prose with the interest inevitably attached to the account of a sensitive childhood.

The first volumes of a "Vassar College Semi-Centennial Series" will comprise "Brissot de Warville" by Miss Eloise Ellery; "Elizabethan Translations from the Italian" by Dr. Mary Augusta Scott; "Social Studies in English Literature" by Miss Laura J. Wylie; and "An Introduction to the Study of Variable Stars" by Miss Caroline E. Furness.

In addition to the new translations of Björnson's "Poems and Songs" and Strindberg's "Master Olof" just issued in the series of "Scandinavian Classics," the American-Scandinavian Foundation has in press for November publication an exhaustive monograph on "Ballad Criticism in Scandinavia and Great Britain during the 18th Century," prepared by Mr. Sigurd Bernhard Hustvedt, of the University of Illinois.

Mr. Hall Caine's series of newspaper articles on the war will shortly be issued in book form by Messrs. Lippincott under the title of "The Drama of 365 Days." In it are gathered many recollections of famous actors in recent European history, studies in national psychology, based upon personal observation and travel before the war and since, with anecdotes that throw light upon men and motives in recent times.

The three volumes of "The Literary Diary of Ezra Stiles, D.D., LL.D.," edited by Mr. Franklin Bowditch Dexter, M.A., have been taken over for publication under the imprint of the Yale University Press. In bequeathing his manuscripts to his successor in the presidency of Yale College, Ezra Stiles probably did not realize that his diary would be recognized as an historical record and be the one among his writings to live long years after the other pages had been forgotten.

A new volume of essays by Mr. Arthur Symonds, entitled "Figures of Several Centuries," will be an important feature of the autumn publishing season. The studies include "George Meredith as a Poet," "A Note on the Genius of Thomas Hardy," "St. Augustine," "Charles Lamb," "Gustave Flaubert," "Algernon Charles Swinburne," "Dante Gabriel Rossetti," "Henrik Ibsen," "Walter Pater," "Coventry Patmore," "Aubrey Beardsley," "Sarojini Naidu," and "Welsh Poetry."

"A Book of Victorian Poetry and Prose," compiled by Mrs. Hugh Walker, is announced by Messrs. Putnam, in conjunction with the Cambridge University Press. The contents are classified under such headings as "Systematic Thinkers," "Biography and Criticism," "Poetry," "Novelists," and "History." The volume also serves to illustrate the criticisms offered upon this period in the "Outlines of Victorian Literature," in which the compiler collaborated with her husband, Professor Hugh Walker.

The autumn announcement list of Mr. Blackwell of Oxford includes the following titles: "Life of Viscount Bolingbroke," by Arthur Hassall; "Tales by Polish Authors," translated by Else C. M. Benecke; "Still More Russian Picture Tales," by Valery Carriek, translated by Nevill Forbes; "An American Garland: Being a Collection of Ballads Relating to America, 1563-1759," edited with introduction and notes by C. H. Firth; "Oxford Poetry, 1915," edited by G. D. H. C. and T. W. E.; "The War and Religion," by Alfred Loisy, translated by Arthur Galton; "Syria as a Roman Province," by E. S. Bouchier; "Analysis of Mill's Principles of Political Economy," by L. Oldershaw; "Historical Geography of England," by Maud Holliday; and "Symphonies: Poems on the Four Movement Plan," by E. H. W. M.

Martin Luther d'Ooge, one of the best-known of American classical scholars, died suddenly at Ann Arbor, Michigan, on the 12th inst. Born in Zonnemaire, Netherlands, in 1839, he came to this country at an early age, and was educated at the University of Michigan. Later he went abroad, and studied at the University of Leipzig. He joined the teaching staff of the University of Michigan in 1867, and from 1870 to 1912 was professor of Greek in that institution. Professor d'Ooge took an active part in the work of the American School of Classical Studies in Athens, the American Philological Association, and the American Archaeological Institute. He is the author of a volume on "The Acropolis of Athens," and the editor of several standard classical texts. His periodical contributions include a number of reviews prepared for THE DIAL.

A translation, in seven volumes, of "L'Histoire de France Racontée à Tous," of which M. Franz Funck-Brentano is the general editor, is announced by an English publisher, under the title of "The National History of France." Its aim is to present the history of each epoch, its men, its events, the movement of ideas and social life, of art and letters, in a volume of moderate compass and in an easy style, with no parade of learning, but solidly based on research. Up to the present, four volumes have been published in the original French—"The Renaissance," by M. Louis Batiffol, "The Great Century," by M. Jacques Boulenger, "The Eighteenth Century," by M. Casimir Stryienski, and "The Revolution," by M. Louis Madelin—and of these, three have been "crowned" by the Academy. M. Batiffol's "The Renaissance," the first volume of the series which has been translated into English, will be published during the present season.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

October, 1915.

- African Mission, Letters from an— I. Jean K. Atlantic
Mackenzie
American Country Life in Old French Memoirs. C. H. . . . Yale
Sherrill
American Goods, Selling. W. F. Wyman World's Work
Arbitration. Walter E. Weyl Harper
Arctic, Adventures in the. D. B. Macmillan Harper
Automobiles by the Million. J. G. Frederick Rev. of Revs.
Belgians, Last Stand of the. Philip Gibbs McBride
Bowles, Samuel. Gamalliel Bradford Atlantic
British Admiralty, The. A. G. Gardiner Scribner
British Battle Line, The. E. A. Powell Scribner
Business, American, and the War. C. F. Speare. Rev. of Revs.
Charleston. W. D. Howells Harper
Chickadee, The Friendly. Walter P. Eaton Harper
China's Fighting Blood. Willard Price World's Work
Citizen, Mind of the. A. D. Weeks Am. Jour. Soc.
College Life and Education. Henry S. Canby Yale
Culture, Extirpation of. Katharine F. Gerould Atlantic
Defence, National, Our. J. B. Walker Rev. of Revs.
Democracy and Literature. Charles H. A. Wager Atlantic
Domestic Science, National School for. Stanley
Johnson American
Economic Aftermath. The. A. D. Noyes Am. Jour. Soc.
Education, Rural. H. G. Lull Am. Jour. Soc.
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Field, Eugene. Elsie F. Weil McBride
Fiji, History of. Alfred G. Mayer Scientific
French Character under Test. D. D. L. McGrew. Rev. of Revs.
Friendship, a Social Category. Elsie C. Parsons. Am. Jour. Soc.
Genius and the Average Man. Woods Hutchinson. Everybody's
German Women, Nobility of. Frieda B. Zeeb. Am. Jour. Soc.
Germany, The True. Kuno Francke Atlantic
Germany's Downfall as a Colonial Power. Charles
Johnston Rev. of Revs.
Germany's Exit from Africa. L. R. Freeman World's Work
"Hamlet" with Hamlet Left Out. Brander Matthews Yale
Hatred— and a Possible Sequel. L. P. Jacks Yale
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Italy and the War. T. Lothrop Stoddard Century
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Lansing: Secretary of State. James B. Scott Atlantic
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Mexico, Who's Who in. French Strother World's Work
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C. Hale Century
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Nietzsche: A Modern Stoic. C. M. Bakewell Yale
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Novelists, American, Open Season for. Meredith
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Paris, My Début in. Francis Grierson Century
Peace, A League to Enforce. A. Lawrence
Lowell World's Work
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Peace, World, Leaders toward. William Hard Everybody's
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War, Intellectual Stimulus of the. T. H. Price World's Work
War Selection. David Starr Jordan Scientific
War Situations, Crucial. Frank H. Simonds Rev. of Revs.
War's Emotions, A Year of. Simeon Strunsky Atlantic
Wealth and Its Ways. L. M. Keasbey Am. Jour. Soc.
Whitman in New Orleans. R. E. Holloway Yale

ANNOUNCEMENTS OF FALL BOOKS.

The length of THE DIAL's annual list of books announced for autumn publication, contained in our issue of September 16, made it necessary as usual to carry over to the present number the following entries, comprising the full list of Text-Books and Juvenile publications of the season.

BOOKS FOR SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.

A Book of English Literature, selected and edited by Franklyn Bliss Snyder, Ph.D., and Robert Grant Martin, Ph.D.—The Family as a Social and Educational Institution, by Welystine Goodsell, Ph.D., edited by Paul Monroe.—Modes of Research in Genetics, by Raymond Pearl, Ph.D.—State and County School Administration, Vol. II., Source Book, by Ellwood P. Cubberley and Edward C. Elliott.—Historical Introduction to Mathematical Literature, by G. A. Miller.—Principles and Methods of Municipal Administration, by William Bennett Munro.—Comparative Free Government, by Jesse Macy and John W. Gannaway, edited by Richard T. Ely.—A Syllabus of Roman History by George Willis Botsford.—Questions on the Principles of Economics, by Edmund E. Day, Ph.D., and Joseph S. Davis, Ph.D.—The Marketing of Farm Products, by L. D. H. Weld.—A Manual on Muscular Movement Writing, by C. C. Lister.—A Manual to Accompany the New Sloan Readers, by Katherine E. Sloan.—Elementary Lessons in Electricity and Magnetism, by Silvanus P. Thompson, revised edition.—Lessons in Elementary Physiology, by Thomas H. Huxley, revised by Joseph Bancroft, illus.—The Rural Text-Book Series, edited by L. H. Bailey, new vols.: Small Grains, by M. A. Carleton; Soils, their properties and management, revised and rewritten by Thomas Lytleton Lyon, Elmer O. Fippin, and Harry Oliver Buckman.—The Breeds of Live-Stock, by live-stock breeders, revised and arranged by Carl W. Gay.—Medieval Civilization, by Roscoe Lewis Ashley.—Outlines of Economic History, by Cheesman A. Herriek.—The Principles of Agronomy, by Franklin S. Harris and George W. Stewart.—Soils and Plant Life, by J. C. Cunningham and W. H. Lancelot.—Geometrical Notebook, by Earl Raymond Hedrick.—Elementary French Reader, by L. A. Roux.—Dairy Farming, by C. H. Eckles and G. F. Warren.—Athletic Games for Players, by Jessie H. Bancroft and William Dean Pulvermacher.—The Plain Story of American History, by John Spencer Bassett, Ph.D.—The Wheat Industry, by N. A. Bengston, A.M., and Donee Griffith, A.M. (Macmillan Co.)

History of Economic Doctrines, by Charles Gide and R. A. Rist.—Principles of Health Control, by Francis M. Walters.—English Derivatives, by B. K. Benson.—Essays for College English, selected and edited by J. C. Bowman, L. I. Bredvold, L. B. Greenfield, and Bruce Weirick.—The Belles Lettres Series, new vols.: Heywood's The Woman Killed with Kindness and The Fair Maid of the West, edited by Katherine Lee Bates; Wycherley's The Plain Dealer and The Country Wife, edited by George R. Churchill.—The Merchant of Venice, edited by Morris W. Croll.—Selections from Carlyle's Sartor Resartus, French Revolution, and Past and Present, edited by S. B. Hemingway and Charles Seymour.—Solid Geometry, by Webster Wells and Walter W. Hart.—Analytic Geometry,

by W. A. Wilson and J. I. Tracey.—Gerstacker's Der Wilddieb, edited by W. R. Meyers.—Ernst's Asmus Lempers Jugendland, edited by Carl Ostland.—Lectures Historiques, 1610 to 1813.—En France, by C. Fontaine.—Merimées Columba, reedited by J. A. Fontaine.—Lotis Roman d'un Enfant, edited by A. F. Whittem.—French Verb Forms, by Eninee M. Schenck.—French Plays for Children, arranged by Josette E. Spink. (D. C. Heath & Co.)

American Literature through Illustrative Readings, by Sarah E. Simons.—Short Stories for High Schools, edited by Rosa M. B. Mikels.—Selections from Sidney Lanier, edited by Henry W. Lanier.—Stories of Later American History, by Wilbur F. Gordy.—Ethical Readings from the Bible, by Harriet L. Keeler and Laura H. Wild.—A Dramatic Reader, by Catherine T. Bryce.—First French Reader, by Max Walter, Ph.D., and Anna Woods Ballard, M.A., \$1. net.—La Mare au Diable, by George Sand, edited by Marie Karcher Brooks, 50 cts. net.—Practical Dressmaking, by Jane Fales, illus.—Manual Training for Little People, by F. H. Pierce, illus.—A Practical Algebra for Beginners, by Thirumuthis Brookman.—A Practical Elementary Chemistry, by B. W. McFarland, Ph.D.—Leberecht Hühnchen, by Heinrich Seidel, edited by William F. Luebke, Ph.D.—The Natural Method Readers, by Hannah T. McManus, 3 titles. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

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The Study of Plants, an introduction to botany and plant ecology, by T. W. Woodhead. (Oxford University Press.)

The School Kitchen Textbook, by Mary J. Lincoln, 60 cts. net.—A Handbook of Elementary Sewing, by Etta Proctor Flagg, illus., 50 cts. net. (Little, Brown & Co.)

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